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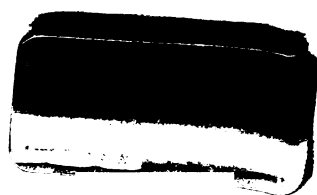
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**The Two Widecombe Tracts, 1638
giving a Contemporary Account
of the great Storm, reprinted
with an Introduction.**



EXETER
JAMES G COMMINS
1905

Res. atlas
Continued
4-17-36
31957

INTRODUCTION.

The great storm at Widecombe raged on the 21st October, 1638. The news of the damage done by it to the Parish Church, and of the sad loss of life, quickly spread through the country. No doubt it was the subject matter of many a ballad and broadsheet, and so soon after the event as the 17th November, a tract was entered with the Company of Stationers. In Mr. Arber's Transcripts of the Registers of the Company we have the following entry:—

17 Novembris 1638.

Master Harford. Entred for his Copie under the hands of Master WYKES and Master ROTHWELL Warden, A true and perfect Relation of a Most Lamentable Accident hapning on Sunday the 21st of October last [1638] in Withycom Church neere Dartmore in Devonshire vj^a

The tract must have had a rapid sale, for on the 19th November there is a second entry:—

19 Novembris 1638.

Master Harford. Entred for his Copie under the handes of Master WYKES and Master ROTHWELL Warden, The aforesaid Relation of the Lamentable Accident that hapned at Withycom, with some Additions of a preface and application vj^a

The first of these was probably the first published account, and was hastily printed, and soon all the issue was sold. We have not met with a copy of this. The second tract is the

(iv.)

one of which we give a reprint, and it has the preface containing the "Application." In the British Museum copy [1103. e. 47 (1-2)] on page 15 is:—"Imprimatur Thos. Wykes. R.P. Ep. Lond. Cap Domest."

In the British Museum there is also a copy containing fifteen pages—eight leaves—[1103. c. 48] which on page 6, following "after for dead," is supposing the last judgment day was come and that they had beene in the very "flames of Hell," as in the second Relation, p. 6. This was probably the third impression, issued between that entered 19 November, 1638, and the next, eight days later:—

27 November 1638.

Master Harford. Entred for his Copy under the handes of Master WYKES and Master ROTHWELL Warden, a second relation, being moast exact, of the Lamentable Accidentes hapning on Sunday the 21st of October last, at Withycum Church [in] the Dartmores in Devonsheire . . . vj^s

This was the second tract which we reprint. All these issues must, it would seem, have sold rapidly. Very shortly after another printer dealt with the subject:—

4 Decembris 1638.

John Okes. Entred for his Copie under the hands of Master BAKE and Master ROTHWELL Warden, a book called Strange Newes from Saint Christophers &c, by John Taylor, with a Relacion in verse of the late accident at Withycum in Devonshire . . . vj^s

This we have not seen, but the verses, we suspect, are those written by the Vicar, the Rev. George Lyde, given by the late Mr. Robert Dymond in his *Widcombe in the Moor*, pp. 104-108.

In the *Harleian Miscellany*, vol. iii., pp. 220-228, is reprinted "Second and most exact Relation," &c. &c.

After giving the title and stating that the tract is in quarto and contains thirty seven pages the editor says "that

"though this is called properly the second relation of this
 "wonderful accident, yet it includes the former verbatim, and
 "adds and explains some passages either omitted or left
 "obscure by the way of appendix. As for the veracity of this
 "relation I am in no doubt, being so well attested, and licensed
 "to be printed by the Bishop of London's domestic chaplain;
 "but I could wish that these terrors of the Lord would
 "persuade men to be more afraid of his judgments and to
 "seek for his mercy and protection in the time of need by a
 "just discharge of their respective duties."

Then follows the tract.

Mr. Alfred Wallis has been good enough to direct our attention to the little book entitled "Admirable Curiosities Rareities and Wonders in England, Scotland and Ireland," &c., &c., by R.B. R.B. stands for Richard Burton, otherwise for Nathaniel Crouch, the publisher of many of his own compilations. This book was first published in 1682; a second edition was issued in 1684, and there were other editions in 1685, 1697, 1728, and 1737. The account of the storm is given in the 1684 edition at pp. 54-57 and is evidently taken from the tract. It adds that "And at *Brixton* near Plimouth at that time fell hail stones as big as an ordinary turkey egg some of 5, 6, and 7 ounces weight." The illustration on our title page is taken from this copy.

In the copy of the tract from which our reprint is taken is a tracing, apparently from a wood block, made by a former owner. We are sorry we are not able to find out anything about the engraving, or to ascertain whether it belongs to some other tract on the subject, or whether it comes from some book. We do not think it belongs to the tract, for in no copy which we have seen does it appear. It has been suggested that it is to be found in "Newe & Strange Newes from St. Christophers
 "of a tempestuous Spirit, which is called by the Indians a
 "Hurry-cano or Whirlwind: where unto is added the true
 "and last Relation of the dreadful Accident which happened
 "at Withicombe in Devonshire 21 Octobre 1638." London, 1638. 12mo, partly in verse. This is mentioned by Mr. Hazlitt in his "Handbook to the Popular Poetical and Dramatic Literature of Great Britain," &c., &c., 1867,

(vi.)

p. 418, but there is no copy in the British Museum, and we have not been able to find it in any other library. We give a reproduction of the tracing.

Over the illustration are these lines :—

Protectors, Parliaments, and all, see, hear,
And quake for fear : O do not jeer, nor swear
'Gainst God, who roars from Sion on your sin,
'Gainst such High-places which you worship in.
Jah with his burning blast of lightnings quells
The Peoples Idols—Temples—Steeple—Bells.

Below :—

A most prodigious and fearefull storme of winde
lightning and thunder, mightily defacing Withcomb-ch-
urch in Deuon, burneing and slayeing diverse
men and women all this in seruice-time, on the
Lords day Octob: 21. 1638.

J.B.R.

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 And quake for fear : O do not jeer, nor swear
 'Gainst God, who roars from Sion on your sin,
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 Fah with his burning blasts of lightnings quells
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 men and women all this in service-time, on the
 Lords day Octob: 21-1638.*

A TRVE
RELATION
OF THOSE SAD

AND LAMENTABLE
Accidents, which happened in
and about the Parish Church of
Withycombe in the *Dartmoores*,
in *Devonshire*, on Sunday
the 21. of *October* last,
1638.

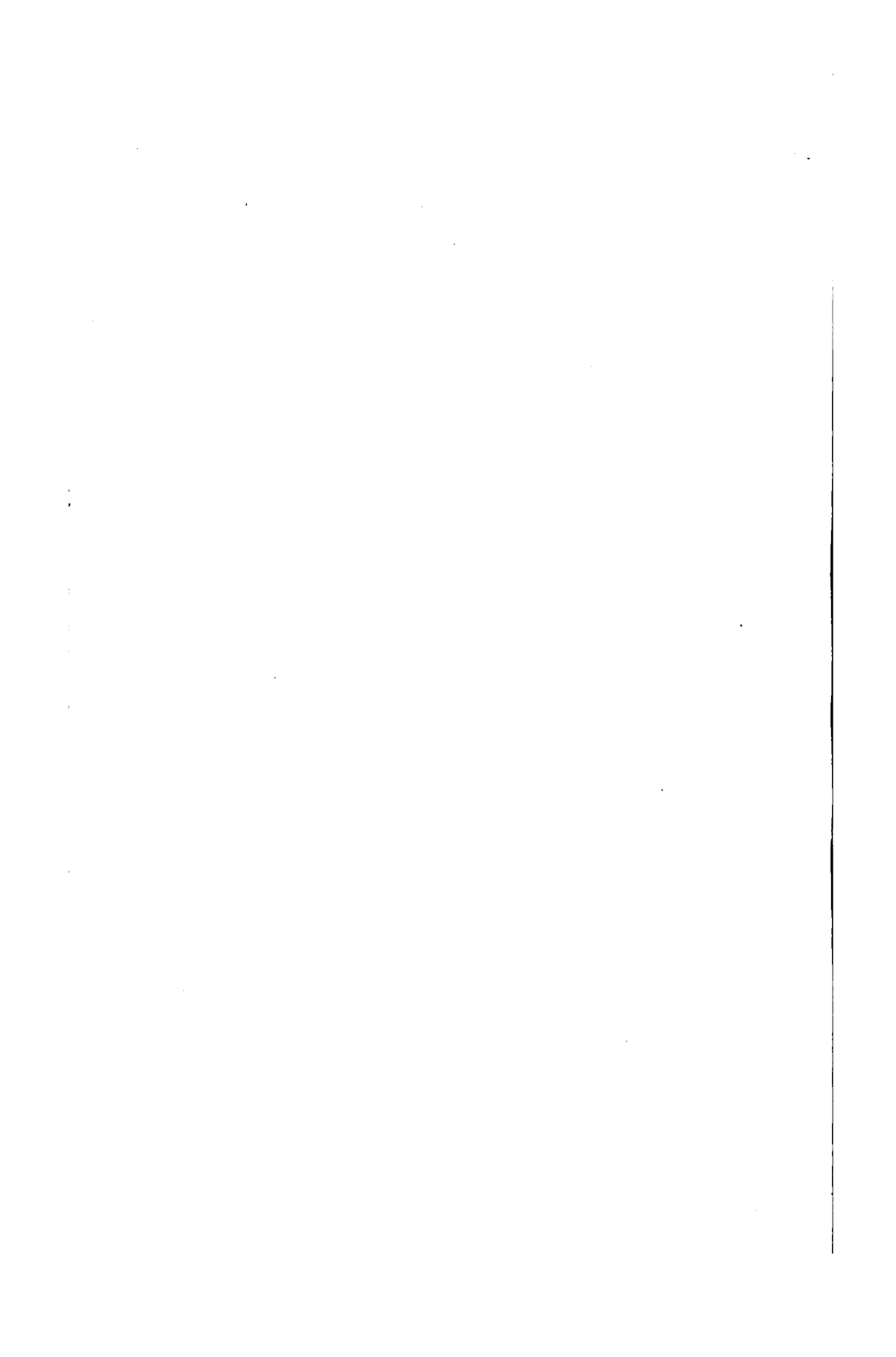
PSAL. 46. 8.

*Come, behold the workes of the Lord, what desolations
hee hath made in the earth.*



LONDON,

Printed by G.M. for R: *Harford*, and are to be sold at his
shop in *Queenes-head-alley* in *Pater-noster-row* at the
guilt Bible, 1638.



(I)



A TRUE
RELATION OF
those most strange and lamen-
table Accidents, happening
in the Parish Church of *Wi-*
thycombe in *Devonshire* on
Sunday the 21. of *October*.
1638.

Christian Readers,



GOODS visible Iudge-
ments, and terrible
remonstrances (which
every morning are
brought to light) com-
ming unto our know-
ledge, should bee our observation and

(2)

admonition, *that whereby the inhabitants*
Eph. 3, 5. *of the earth may learne Righteous-*
nesse, for to let them passe by us (as wa-
ter runnes by our doores) unobserved;
argues too much regardlesnesse of
Isa. 26, 9, 11. GOD in the way of his Iudgements:
not to suffer them to sinke into our
affections, and to proove as so many
terrible warning pieces, which are shot
off from a watch Tower, to give no-
tice of an enemies approach, to
awaken and affright us; are but a meanes
to harden our hearts against the Lord,
Pæna paucorum and to awaken his Iustice to punish us
error omnium yet more: But *to heare and feare* and to
doe wickedly no more; to search our
hearts and amend our waies is the best
use that can bee made of any of
GODS remarkable terrors manife-
sted among us. When GOD is an-
gry with us, it ought to be our wisdom
to meete him, and make peace with
him: And where wee see legible Cha-
racters of his power and wrath; to
learne

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learne to spell out his meaning touching our selves ; to leave off all busie, malitious, causlesse, and unchristianly censuring of others, and to turne in upon our selves, remembering, *Vel pœnitendum, vel pereundum, Except wee re-* Luk. 13, 5.
pent, wee shall likewise perish. Certaine it is that wee doe in vaine expect immunity from GODS Iudgements by sleighting, or contemning them, and increasing in our sinnings against him. If *Pharoah* by the terrour of thundring and lightning was so affrighted that hee saith to *Moses, Intreat the Lord (for* Exo. 9, 28.
it is enough) that there bee no more mighty thundrings and Haile. And if *Caligula*, out of the feare of thunder, would runne under his bed to hide himselfe : How much more should we Christians learne to feare and tremble before the most mighty GOD, *whose voice shakes the mountaines and rends the rocks, and divides the flames of* Psal. 29.
fire; rends Churches, amazeth, and
strikes

(4)

strikes dead at his pleasure the sonnes of men? as the Prophet *David* saith, *Hee doth whatsoever hee pleaseth in Heaven and Earth, Hee causeth the vapours to ascend from the ends of the earth, and maketh lightnings for the raine, and bringeth the winde out of the treasures of the earth, so unsearchable is his Wisedome, and his waies past finding out.* I say, this should awe and humble our hearts before the LORD, rising up unto more perfection in godlinesse, doing unto our GOD, more and better service than ever hitherto wee have done, reverencing and sanctifying his dreadful Name in our hearts: especially when his Iudgements breake in upon men, even in his owne house, *mingling their bloud with their sacrifices*, and that in a most terrible manner smiting, and wounding, and killing, as in this ensuing Relation may appeare: which for the suddennesse and strangenesse thereof, and in a manner miraculous, considering

(5)

sidering the circumstances thereof, I beleeeve few Ages can paralell, or produce the like. The Lord teach thee to profit thereby, that it may bee as a Sermon preached to thee from Heaven by the Lord himselfe.



Pon Sunday the 21. of *October* last, In the Parish Church of *Withycombe* in *Devonshire* neare *Dartmoores*, there fell in time of Divine Service a strange darkenesse, increasing more and more, so that the people there assembled could not see to reade in any booke, and suddenly in a fearefull and lamentable manner, a mighty thundering was heard, the ratling whereof did answer much like unto the sound and report of many great Cannons, and terrible strange lightening therewith,

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greatly amazing and astonishing those that heard and saw it, the darknesse increasing yet more, till they could not (in the interim) see one another; the extraordinarie lightning came into the Church so flaming, that the whole Church was presently filled with fire and smoke, the smell whereof was very loathsome, much like unto the sent of brimstone, some said they saw at first a great ball of fire come in at the window and passe thorough the Church, which so much affrighted the whole Congregation that the most part of them fell downe into their seates, and some upon their knees, some on their faces, and some one upon another, with a great cry of burning and scalding, they all giving up themselves for dead.

The Minister of the Parish, Master *George Lyde*, being in the Pulpit or seate where prayers are read, however hee might bee much astonished
hereat

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hereat, yet through GODS mercy had no other hurt at all in his body; but to his much grieve and amazement heard, and afterward beheld the lamentable accident; and although himselfe was not touched, yet the lightening seized upon his poore Wife, fired her ruffe and linnen next to her body, and her cloathes; to the burning of many parts of her body in a very pitifull manner. And one Mistresse *Ditford* sitting in the pew with the Ministers wife, was also much scalded, but the maid and childe sitting at the pew dore had no harme. Beside, another woman adventuring to run out of the Church, had her cloathes set on fire, and was not only strangely burnt and scorched, but had her flesh torne about her back almost to the very bones. And another woeman had her flesh so torne and her body so grievously burnt, that she died the same night.

Also one Master *Hill* a Gentleman of good account in the Parish, sitting in his

seate by the Chancell, had his head suddenly smitten against the wall, through the violence whereof he died that night, no other hurt being found about his body ; but his sonne sitting in the same seate had no harme. There was also one man more, at the same instant, of whom it is particularly related, who was Warriner unto Sir *Richard Reynolds*, his head was cloven, his skull rent into three peeces, and his braines throwne upon the ground whole, and the haire of his head, through the violence of the blow at first given him, did sticke fast unto the pillar or wall of the Church ; so that hee perished there most lamentably.

Some other persons were then blasted and burnt, and so grievously scalded and wounded, that since that time they have died thereof ; and many other not like to recover, notwithstanding all the meanes that can bee procured to helpe them. Some had their cloaths burnt and their
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bodies had no hurt, and some on the contrary, had their bodies burnt, and their cloathes not touched. But it pleased GOD yet in the midst of judgement to remember mercy, sparing some and not destroying all.

Also there were some Seats in the Body of the Church turned upside downe, and yet they which sate in them had little or no hurt. And one man going out at the Chancell doore, his Dogg running out before him, was whirled about towards the doore and fell downe starke dead: at the sight whereof his Master stepped backe within the doore, and GOD preserved him alive. Moreover the Church it selfe was much torne and defaced by the thunder and lightning; and thereby also a beame was burst in midst, and fell downe betweene the Minister and Clarke and hurt neither; and a weighty great stone, neare the Foundation of the Church is torne out and remooved, and the steeple

ple it selfe is much rent, and there where the Church was most rent there was least hurt done, and not any one was hurt either with the wood or stone, but only a maid of *Manaton*, which came thither that afternoone to see some friends, Master *Frind* the *Coroner* by circumstances, supposed she was killed by a stone. There were also stones throwne from the Tower as thick as if an hundred men had beene there throwing. Also a Pinnacle of the Tower torne downe and beate through into the Church.

Also the Pillar against which the Pulpit standeth, being but newly whited, is now by this meanes turned blacke and sulphry. Furthermore, one man that stood in the Chancell, with his face toward the Bellfrey, observed the rising as it were of dust or lime, in the lower end of the Church, which suddenly (as with a puffe of winde) was whirled up and cast into his eyes, so that hee could not see in twelve houres after; but now his
sight

sight is restored, and hee hath no other hurt. The terrible lightening being past, and all the people being in a wonderfull maze, so that they spake not one word, by and by on Master *Raph Rouse*, Vintner in the Towne, stood up, saying, Neighbours, in the name of GOD shall we venture out of the Church, to which Master *Lyde* answering, said, it is best to make an end of prayers, for it is better to die here then in another place, but they looking about them, and seeing the Church so terribly rent and torne over their heads, durst not proceed in their publike devotions, bnt went forth of the Church.

And as all this was done within the Church, and unto the Church; so there were other strange accidennts without the Church; of which I will give you a touch. There was a Bowling-alley neare unto the Church-yard, which was turned up into pits and heapes, in manner almost as if it had beene plowed.

At

At the same time also at *Brixston* neare *Plymmouth*, there fell such store of Haile, and such Haile-stones, that for quantity they were judged to be as big as ordinary Turkeys eggs; some of them were of five, some of six, and others of seven ounces weight.

We are also certainly informed that at the same time, as neare as it can bee guessed, there fell out the like accident unto the Church at *Norton* in *Somersetshire*, but as yet wee heare of no persons hurt therein; Also it is related by a Gentleman that travelled in those parts at that time, hee being since come to *London*, that where hee was the lightning was so terrible, fiery and flaming, that they thought their houses at every flash were set on fire, in somuch that their horses in the stable were so affrighted that they could not rule them.

All which most sad and lamentable Spectacles were done (as it were) in a moment of time.

This

This is the Summe of that dismall accident and terrible example happening in the place aforesaid, as it hath been carefully extracted out of the letters of Ministers and other men of quality and good account and credit living not onely in the Parish of *Withicombe*, but in the adjoyning Parishes and places, and by those that had the full relation from Master *Lyde* his own mouth. And the maine drift in the publication of this great Iudgement, is for thy humiliation and edification, not onely to acquaint thee with the great and mighty works of GODS Power and Iustice, who in a moment can do mighty things, and arme the creatures against us at his owne pleasure, but also to moove pittie and compassion in us towards our Brethren who were patients therein. Which relation you can difficultly reade without sighs, nor understand without teares. I know it is the fashion of too too many to question and talke, and make things

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of

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of this nature, but *a nine dayes wonder* :
But let us not deceive our selves any
longer, not judging them greater sin-
ners than our selves, but consider, we
have beene lookers on a great while,
and others have beene made our exam-
ples, and felt the smart at home and
abroad, whilst wee have gone free ;
but wee know not how soone our
turnes and changes may come ; this
accident might as well have happened
to us as them ; the LORD therefore in much
mercy fit us both for the worst of times
and the best of Ends. I end all with
that prayer in our Letany, commending
thee and this to the blessing of the Al-
mighty.

*From lightning and tempest, from Plague
Pestilence and Famine, from Bat-
tell and murder, and from
suddaine death.
Good LORD deliver us.*

FINIS.

A SECOND
AND MOST EXACT
RELATION
OF THOSE SAD
AND LAMENTABLE

Accidents, which happened in
and about the Parish Church of
Wydecombe neere the *Dartmoores*,
in *Devonshire*, on Sunday
the 21. of *October* last,
1638.

PSAL. 46. 8.

*Come, behold the workes of the Lord, what desolations
hee hath made in the earth.*

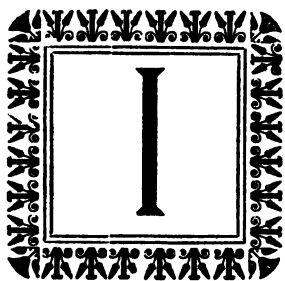


LONDON,

Printed by G.M. for R: Harford, and are to be sold at his
shop in *Queenes-head-alley* in *Pater-noster-row* at the
guilt Bible, 1638,



To the Reader.



Here present thee with a second Relation of that wonderfull accident, which the printing of the former Book hath given occasion of.

Having now received a full and perfect Relation as is possible to be hoped for, or procured, assuring thee it is not grounded on information taken up at second hand, but those persons being now come to *London*, who were eye witnesses herein, and the chiefest discoverers of the effects of these terrible accidents; although thou hadst the truth in part before, yet not the tithe thereof, the full relation whereof

To the Reader.

thou shalt finde here annexed following after the former Relation, supplied in all those particulars, wherein there was any defect before, supposing it better to annexe it then to dissolve and blend it with the former; what thou hadst not before shall onely be supplied now, and no more, and what thou findest not here, take to be true, as they are expressed there, and althought it be larger then our former, yet wee desired in penning thereof not to trouble thee with many words, but onely the substance of this sad matter, as concisely as we could, and though the price be more, yet suspend thy censure til thou hast perused it, and then it may be thou wilt give him thanks, who hath beene at the paines to add this to the former, which hee would not have done, unlesse hee could tender it upon very good authority and testimony of witnesses more then needfull: wee know fame and report varie exceedingly, not knowing wherein to pitch

To the Reader.

pitch our beleefe, for it much increaseth or diminisheth by flying, according to the apprehension and memory both of the givers out, and takers up; but take this on his word, who onely wisheth and intendeth thy good.

Farewell.



(I)



A TRUE
RELATION OF
those most strange and lamen-
table Accidents, happening
in the Parish Church of *Wyde-*
combe in *Devonshire* on
Sunday the 21. of *October*.
1638.

ODS visible Iudge-
ments, and terrible
remonstrances (which
every morning are
brought to light) com-
ming unto our know-
ledge, should bee our observation and
admonition, *that thereby the inhabitants*
of

(2)

of the earth may learne Righteous- Eph. 3. 5.
nesse, for to let them pass by us (as wa-
ter runnes by our doores) unobserved;
argues too much regardlesnesse of
GOD in the way of his Iudgements: Isa. 26. 9, 11,
not to suffer them to sinke into our
affections, and to proove as so many
terrible warning pieces, which are shot
off from a watch Tower, to give no-
tice of an enemies approach, to
awaken and affright us; are but a meanes
to harden our hearts against the Lord,
and to awaken his Iustice to punish us
yet more: But *to heare and feare* and to *Pœna paucorũ*
doe wickedly no more; to search our *terror omnium.*
hearts and amend our waies is the best
use that can bee made of any of
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sted among us. When GOD is an-
gry with us, it ought to be our wisdom
to meete him, and make peace with
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learne to spell out his meaning tou-
B ching

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- ching our selves ; to leave off all busie,
malitious, causlesse, and unchristianly
censuring of others, and to turne in
upon our selves, remembring, *Vel pœni-*
Luk. 13. 5. *tendum, vel pereundum, Except wee re-*
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it is that wee doe in vaine expect im-
munity from GODS Iudgements by
sleighting, or contemning them, or
increasing in our sinnings against him.
If *Pharoah* by the terrour of thundring
and lightning was so affrighted that
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mighty thundrings and Haile. And if *Ca-*
ligula, out of the feare of thunder,
would runne under his bed to hide
himselſe: How much more should we
Christians learne to feare and trem-
ble before the most mighty GOD,
whose voice only can shake the mountaines
Psal. 29. *and rend the rocks, and divide the flames of*
fire; rends Churches, amazeth, and
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(4)

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beleeve

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saw

(6)

saw it, the darknesse increasing yet more, till they could not see one another ; the extraordinarie lightening came into the Church so flaming, that the whole Church was presently filled with fire and smoke, the smell whereof was very loathsome, much like unto the sent of brimstone, some said they saw at first a great fiery ball come in at the window and passe thorough the Church, which so affrighted the whole Congregation that the most part of them fell downe into their seates, and some upon their knees, some on their faces, and some one upon another, with a great cry of burning and scalding, they all giving up themselves for dead, supposing the last Iudgement day was come, and that they had beene in the very flames of Hell.

The Minister of the Parish, Master *George Lyde*, being in the Pulpit or seate where prayers are read, however hee might bee much astonished

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hereat,

(7)

hereat, yet through GODS mercy had no other harme at all in his body; but to his much grieve and amazement, beheld afterward the lamentable accidents; and although himselfe was not touched, yet the lightening seized upon his poore Wife, fired her ruffe and linnen next to her body, and her cloathes; to the burning of many parts of her body in a very pitifull manner. And one Mistresse *Ditford* sitting in the pew with the Ministers wife, was also much scalded, but the maid and childe sitting at the pew dore had no harme. Beside, another woman adventuring to run out of the Church, had her cloathes set on fire, and was not only strangely burnt and scorched, but had her flesh torne about her back almost to the very bones. Another woeman had her flesh so torne and her body so grievously burnt, that she died the same night.

Also one Master *Hill* a Gentleman of good account in the Parish, sitting in his
seate

seate by the Chancell, had his head suddenly smitten against the wall, through the violence whereof he died that night, no other hurt being found about his body ; but his sonne sitting in the same seate had no harme. There was also one man more, at the same instant, of whom it is particularly related, who was Warriner unto Sir *Richard Reynolds*, his head was cloven, his skull rent into three peeces, and his braines throwne upon the ground whole, and the haire of his head, through the violence of the blow at first given him, did sticke fast unto the pillar or wall of the Church, and in the place a deepe bruise into the wall as if it were shot against with a Cannon bullet.

Some other persons were then blasted and burnt, and so grievously scalded and wounded, that since that time they have died thereof, and many other not like to recover, notwithstanding all the meanes that can bee procured to helpe them.

Some

(9)

Some had their cloathes burnt and their bodies had no hurt, and some on the contrary, had their bodies burnt, and their cloathes not touched, and some their stockings and leggs burnt and scalded, and their outward buskings not one thred singed. But it pleased God yet in the midst of judgement to remember mercy, sparing some and not destroying all, yet very many were sorely scalded in divers parts of their bodies, and as all this hurt was done upon the bodies of men and women, so the hurt also that was then done unto the Church was remarkable.

There were some Seates in the Body of the Church turned upside downe, and yet they which sate in them had little or no hurt; also a Boy sitting on a seate had his hat on, and neare the one halfe thereof was cut off, and he had no hurt. And one man going out at the Chancell doore, a Dogg running out before him, was whirled about

about towards the doore and fell downe, starke dead: at the sight whereof hee stepped back within the doore, and GOD preserved him alive. Also the Church it selfe was much torne and defaced by the thunder and lightning; and thereby also a beame was burst in the midst, and fell downe betweene the Minister and Clarke and hurt neither; and a weighty great stone, neare the Foundation of the Church is torne out and remooved, and the steeple it selfe is much rent, and there where the Church was most rent, there was least hurt done to the people, and not any one was hurt either with the wood or stone, but a maid of *Manaton*, which came thither that afternoone to see some friends, whom Master *Frynd* the *Coroner* by circumstances, supposed she was kild with a stone. There were also stones throwne from the Tower and carried about a great distance from the Church, as thick as if a hundred men had beene

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there

there throwing, and a number of them of such weight and bignesse, that the strongest man cannot lift them. Also one Pinacle of the Tower was torne downe and broke through into the Church.

Moreover the Pillar against which the Pulpit standeth, being but newly whited, is now by this meanes turned black and sulphry. Furthermore, one man that stood in the Chancell, with his face toward the Bellfrey, observed as it were the rising of dust or lime, in the lower end of the Church, which suddenly (as with a puffle of winde) was whirled up and cast into his eyes, so that hee could not see in twelve houres after; but now his sight is restored, and hee hath no other hurt. The terrible lightening being past, all the people being in a wonderfull maze, so that they spake not one word, by and by one Master *Raph Rouse*, a Vintener in the Towne, stood up, saying these words, Neighbours, in the name of God shall

shall we venture out of the Church, to which M. *Lyde* answering, said, it is best to make an end of prayers, for it were better to die here then in another place, but they looking about them, and seeing the Church so terribly rent and torne, durst not proceed in their publike devotions, but went forth of the Church.

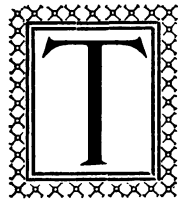
And as all this was done within the Church, and unto the Church; so there were other accidents without the Church; of which I will give you a touch. There was a Bowling alley neare unto the Church-yard, which was turned up into pits and heapes, in manner almost as if it had beene plowed. At the same time also at *Brixston* neare *Plymmouth*, there fell such store of Haile, and such Hail-stones, that for quantity they were judged to be as big as ordinary Turkies eggs; some of them were of five, some of six, and others of seven ounces weight.

We are also certainly informed that

at the same time, as neare as it can bee guessed, there fell out the like accident unto the Church at *Norton* in *Somersetshire*, but as yet wee heare of no persons hurt therein: Also it is related by a Gentleman who travelled in those parts at that time, hee being since come to *London*, that where he was the lightening was so terrible, fiery and flaming, that they thought their houses at every flash were set on fire, in so much that their horses in the stable were so affrighted that they could not rule them.



The Addition to the former Relation.



His Church of *Wydecombe* being a large and faire Church newly trim'd, there belonging to it a very faire Steeple or Tower, with great and small pinacles thereon, it being one of the famousest Towers in all those Western parts ;

parts ; and there being gathered a great Congregation, to the number, as is verily beleevved, of at least 300. persons.

Master *Lyde* with many others in the Church did see presently after the darknesse, as it were a great ball of fire, and most terrible lightening come in at the window, and therewithal the roofe of the Church in the lower part against the Tower to rend and gape wide open, whereat he was so amazed, that hee fell downe into his seate, and unspeakable are the mighty secret wonders the Lord wrought immediately, of which, because thou hast the generall Relation before ; I will give thee this as neare as can bee discovered in the order and course thereof, which first began in the Tower, and thence into the Church, the power of that vehement and terrible blast struck in at the North side of the Tower, tearing through a most strong stone wall into the staires, which goes up round with stone steps to the top of the leades, and

being gotten in, struck against the other side of the wall, and finding not way forth there, it rebounded back againe with greater force to that side next the Church, and piercing through right against the higher window of the Church, tooke the greatest part thereof with it and likewise some of the stones, and frame of the window, and so struck into the Church, comming with a mighty power it struck against the North-side wall of the Church, as if it were with a great Cannon bullet or somewhat like thereto, and not going through, but exceedingly shaking and battering the wall, it tooke its course directly up that Ile strait to the Pulpit or Seate where Master *Lyde* sate, and in the way thence going up it tooke all the lime and sand of the wall, and much grated the stones thereof, and tore off the side desk of the Pulpit, and upon the Pulpit on the side thereof it was left as black and moist as if it had beene newly wiped with Inke.

Then

Then it goes straight up in the same Ile, and strook off all the hinder part of the Warriners head, the braines fell backward intire and whole into the next seate behind him, and two peecees of his scull, and dasht his blood against the wall, the other peece of his scull fell into the seate where he sate, and some of the skin of his head, flesh and haire was carried into the Chancell, and some of his haire to the quantity of a handfull, stuck fast as with lime and sand newly tempered upon one of the barres of the timber-work partition betweene the Church and Chancell. And one man who sate next to the Warriner in the same seate, was scalded and all burnt on that side next the Warriner, from the very head to the foot, and no hurt at all on the other side. And in the second seate behind him was another struck, in a most fearefull manner; for he was so burned and scalded all over his body, from his forehead downward below his knees,

in

in so much that hee was all over like raw flesh round about, and which is most wonderfull his cloathes not once hurt; neither his head nor haire, who notwithstanding died not then, but lived in great misery above a week after.

But to goe on in our Relation. It is supposed (it having beene since by divers judiciously viewed) that here the power or force devided it selfe two waies; one part whereof struck out of the window over their heads, vvhich tore out and carried away some great stones out of the vvall vvith the vwindow, and further they could not trace it, but vvith the force of the stroake at going forth, it struck the lime and sand on the vvall vvith many small stones, or grit, so forcibly, that the lime, sand, and grit returned backe like haile-shot to the other side of the vvall vvhere men did sit, and struck into their faces, much disfiguring them, and smote into the vvall,
and

and into the timber of the partition, some of vvhich stones could not bee pickt out till the next day following.

But the other part of the force descended to the bottome of the wall just before the Warriners seate, and there peirced in, heaving up all the vvall in that place, rending and tearing it from the very ground, as high almost as the height of a man, there it broke through into the Chancell, and about the number of eight boyes sitting about the rayles of the Communion Table, it tooke them up from the seates and threw them all on heapes within the rayles, and not one of them hurt, and one of them having his hat lying upon the raile, it was cut and burned halfe away.

Then it went directly over to the other side of the Chancell, and struck Master *Hill* mortally in his head, so that hee died that night; but his Sonne,

D

sit-

sitting as close by him as one man can sit by another, for the seate would hold but two, hee had no harme at all, not so much as once singed. But it struck against the vvall so forcibly, that it beate in the vvall behind him as if it had beene shot against with a Cannon bullet, as it is expressed in the former Relation; but there not going through, it recoiles backe againe, comming about the Chancell, as it is conceived, and tore out violently one of the great side stones of the Chancell doore against vvhich it smote, cleaving it all to peeces, and there it is supposed it went forth; but some reasons there are to thinke it did not, for none of the peeces of the side stone were carried out with it, but fell downe within the Chancell: besides, the consideration of the mighty strange and secret workes thereof in the body of the Church, for there it had rent and tore and flung about marvellously.

The

The seates where men and women sate were rent up, turned upside downe, and they that sate in them had no harme; also many of those pewes and seates rent quite from the bottome as if there had beene no seates there, and those that sate in them, when they came to themselves, found that they vvere throwne out their owne into other seates three or foure seates higher, and yet had no harme. And moreover all the wood, timber and stones were torne all to peeces, and violently throwne every way to the very walles of the Church round about.

One man sitting upon the Church-Beere, at the lower end, the Beere was struck and torne, and hee that sate thereon was throwne into one of the pewes by the wall side, a good distance off.

Many also both men and women being very much burned and scalded in divers places of their bodies, and

after divers manners, to the number of fiftie or sixtie, among whom *Mistresse Lyde* the Ministers wife was one, who suffered herein as it is related in the former. And also *Mistresse Ditford* her gowne, two wastcoates, and linnen next her body, burned cleane off; and her back also very grievously downe to her waste burned and scalded, and so exceedingly afflicted thereby, shee could neither stand nor goe without helpe, being lead out of the Church. And one antient woman was so terribly burnt, and her flesh torne, especially her hand, the flesh was so rotten and perished, her hand is cut off that it might not endanger her arme; and many of those that were then burned and scalded have since died thereof.

And furthermore, all the rooffe of the Church is terribly torne, and a great part thereof broken into the Church by some great stones, that were torne
off

off the Tower ; and all the other parts hangs fearefully, all ragged and torne in divers places, ready to drop downe ; it tore likewise all the windowes, shooke and rent the Church walls in divers places, but the Chancell roofe had little or no hurt. Moreover a Beame was burst in sunder vvwhich fell downe betweene the Minister and Clarke, yet hurt neither. Nor vvas there in all this time any one hurt either vvith stick or stone, but onely one man that had a little bruise on his backe ; and as there vvas least hurt done where the timber and stone fell most ; so on the contrary, vvhere no timber nor stone fell, there vvas most hurt done. And all this vvwhile, after the first terrible noise and lightening, not one in the Church can remèber they either heard or saw any thing, being all deadly astonished.

And vvhen the lightening vvas past, the people being still in a maze, not

one could speake a word to another, but by and by Master *Rouse* came a little to himselfe, standing up, spake as in the former Relation, and speaking to Master *Lyde*, hee also thereupon began to recover himselfe, and answered as well as hee could tremblingly, as is expressed before, not knowing of any hurt that vvas done either to his Wife or any else; but they looking about them, saw a very thick mist, with smother, smoake and smell, in so much, that they nor any there saw the danger over their heads. But they two going forth together at the Chancell doore, they saw the Dogg whirled up some height from the ground, taken up and let downe againe three times together, and at last fell downe stone dead, all the lightening being past, neither could they see any thing at all neare the Dogg.

Then presently the rest of the people scrabled forth the Church as well
as

as they could; the mist and smother going away by degrees, but not quite gone in halfe an houre after: And being come forth they saw their danger, which before they knew not; for the Tower and Church was grievously crackt, and shattered; And some of the stones on the Church and Tower torne off, and throwne every way round about, and huge waighty stones split all too pecces, some throwne distant from the Church at least an hundred yards. And one great stone like a massie rocke, vvas carried off the pinnacle all over the East end of the Church, and over the Church-yard, and into another close over the hedge, there it grays'd, breaking up the ground deeply; and as it is imagined, it was done by that massie stone, which was carried at least ten yards beyond, and there bruised the ground very deepe, where it lay unmooveable.

And on the other side of the Church,
there

there is a bowling-greene, torne up and spoyled with stones as before; Among many others there fell therein one great broad stone, like a Table, and in the fall was broken all to peeces, they being struck edge-waies into the ground, also many great stones were sunke so deepe on all sides the Church, that some were struck in even with the ground, and some lower. Some stones were throwne over Master *Rouse* his house an hundred yards from the Church, and sunke into the earth not to be seene, but onely the hole where the stone went downe; and Master *Rouse* his House, on that side next the Church, was torne up, the covering carried off, and one of the rafters broke into the House.

Then a while after, before night, they adventured into the Church to fetch out the dead bodies, some whereof being brought forth, and laid in the Church-yard; there was then
pre-

present a woman, being till that time much aston'd, comming better to her selfe, upon sight of the dead bodies remembered, that shee brought her childe to Church with her, they then going in to seeke for it, found her childe going hand in hand with another little childe, being met comming downe one of the Iles, and had no hurt, nor seemed not to bee any thing frighted by their countenances; neither was there any children in the Church hurt at all: but the other child's mother was gone home, never remembring shee had a childe till it was brought to her.

But as strange a thing as any of these was that, concerning *Robert Meade* the Warriner; he being not mist all this while, immediatly Master *Rouse* his deare acquaintance remembred him, and seeing him not, nor none knowing what was become of him, Master *Rouse* stepping to the window, looked

E into

into the Church where the Warriner used to sit, and there saw him sitting in his Seate, leaning upon his elbow, his elbow resting upon the deske before him, hee supposed him to bee a sleepe, or aston'd, not yet come to himselfe; hee calling to awake him, wondered hee made no answer, then his love to him caused him to venter into the Church, to jogg him awake, or to remember him, and then to his much grieve hee perceived his friend to bee a dead man; for all the hinder part of his head was cleane cut off and gone round about his neck, and the fore-part not disfigured, as they supposed when they drew neare him.

The Lord of the Mannor of *Wydecombe* hearing of this sadd accident, sent his man, *David Barry*, that night thither, to heare what newes, and to see what hurt was done, but it being darke, hee could see nothing that night, but
onely

onely heare their Relations. But on Munday the day following, they came to take notice, and view the ruines of the Church, and what accidents had fallen out ; then all this Relation was made apparant to him, and I may safely say, to thousands more of Witnesses, that are ready to give testimony to all this Relation.

But having seene and observed as much as they could about the Church ; the Tower being locked up ; what hurt was done there, was as yet unknowne : there being then a motion made to open the doore to see what hurt, no man was found willing to adventure, much lesse ascend up therein, all the people being as yet in a terrible feare ; the remembrance of their great hurts and dangers, being so fresh in their mindes ; for some being to bee buried in the Church that afternone, as namely, Master *Hill*, and *Robert Meade*, their graves

being close by one another; the Minister read the buriall to both at once, and when hee came to those words, *Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust*, the fall whereof making a sudden noise upon the Coffins, made them all in a great feare runne out of the Church, tumbling over one another, supposing that the Church was falling on their heads.

But the said *David* resolved to venture himselfe to discover what hee could, and calling for the key to open the doore, it was brought by the Sextone, yet they all perswaded him not to venture, for the Tower was so crazie, torne, and shattered, that they were all of opinion it might fall, as they might well judge by the outside; but hee putting in the key to open the doore, it would not unlocke it, but runne quite through; then the Sextone hee trying, also could finde no lock, and yet the doore still fast, then an
Iron

Iron barre being used to force it off the hinges, it could not bee done thereby, till at last hee espying the bolt of the lock shot into the staple, desired them to hold the doore up with the barre, that hee might put in his arme to put backe the lock, and found there all the wood and wards of the lock gone, then the doore being with much adoe forced open, the said *David* was to goe up first, and the Sextone to follow him, where hee found so much rubbish and stone tumbled downe, that he could hardly creepe up; hee having his sword by his side, it troubled him, hee put it off, wishing the Clarke to hold it, while hee made way; but as they ascended, there came downe the staires a most loathsome smell beyond expression, as it were of Brimstone pitch and sulphur; hee notwithstanding adventured higher, but the Sextons stomacke and courage being overcome,

come, partly by his feare, and also by the smell, hee returned backe in a great fright, complaining hee was poysoned.

A multitude of people being there to observe the discovery, come from divers places thereabouts, to see and heare of this spreading ill newes, as daily multitudes doe resort thither for that purpose, they all stood at a distance, waiting what could be found, but they not knowing what was become of him, because the Sextone was so frightened, none daring to come neare to looke after him. But hee getting (with great difficulty, and danger of his life at every step) up to the first story, there hee viewed it, and found no hurt done, but getting with greater difficulty up to the Bell-roome, hee toled all the Bells to see if they were sound or no, then the people much rejoyced, supposing hee was well.

Then

Then looking over head hee saw all the Ioyces and timber under the leads carried away, all rent and torne fearefully, except one beame under the middle which was bowed downe, and a great number of stones lying on the leads in a very strange and dangerous manner, but his heart incouraging him to venture yet higher, hee attempted the leads, and getting up to the doore, hee saw a great danger over his head, at the sight whereof his heart began to faile him, for the stones were carried cleane away under the inside next the Church, and on the outside so shaken that very little upheld them, then espying yet more danger than before, hee saw a great stone over his head, (as hee supposed) ready to drop downe upon him, that hee knew not whether to stay or goe downe, for feare of the falling thereof, then attempting to throw it downe, cryed as loud as hee possibly could,

ged at Master *Rouses*, and went well to bed, and an houre after, hee felt something come upon him (as hee thought) on the outside of his waste and belly, as if it were a cord twisted about him, two men pulling it with great strength, which griped him in that unspeakable manner three or foure times, that he thought himself cut in sunder therewith, nor having any breath, nor none knowing what to do to him, hee could take nothing downe at present to ease him, but by and by ridding his stomacke by vomiting, being iu a great and terrible sweat all this while, in so much that the sheetes wherein he lay might have beene wringed, at last came up such a loathsome vomit that smelt of the same nature that that did which he brought out of the Steeple, and after this taking some rest he was very well in the morning.

All which most sad and lamentable Spectacles were done (as it were) in a moment of time. This

This is the Summe of those dismall accidents and terrible examples happening in the place aforesaid. And the maine drift in the publication of this great Iudgement, is for thy humiliation and edification, not onely to acquaint thee with the great and mighty works of Gods Power and Iustice, who in a moment can doe mighty things to us, and arme the creatures against us at his owne pleasure, but also to moove pittie and compassion in us towards our Brethren who were patients therein, not judging them greater sinners than our selves ; but beleeving, *That except wee also repent and sinne no more, wee shall likewise perish, or worse things befall us.* Which Relation you can difficultly reade without sighs, nor understand without teares. I know it is the fashion of too too many to question and talke, and make things of this nature, but *a nine dayes wonder :* But let us not deceive our selves

DRAMMATIC PERSONÆ.

<i>The Duke of Macada</i>	}		Four Grandies.
<i>The Duke of Girona</i>			
<i>The Duke of Medina</i>			
<i>The Marquesse d'Alquevezzes</i>			
<i>Don Pedro Gusman</i>	...		An Ancient Lord.
<i>Manuell</i>	}	...	His Sons.
<i>Henrico</i>			
<i>Don Fernando</i>	...		Governor of Cadiz Towne.
<i>Teniente</i>	...	...	A Justiciar.
<i>Bustamente</i>	...		Captaine of Cadiz Castle.
<i>Dick Pike</i>	...		The Devonshire Soldier.
<i>Don John</i>	...	...	A Colonel.
<i>Buzzano</i>	...		Servant to Pedro Guzman.
<i>Eleonora</i>	...		Daughter to Fernando.
<i>Catalina</i>	...		Wife to Don John.
<i>A Gentlewoman.</i>			
<i>An English Captaine.</i>			
<i>Mr. Jewell.</i>			
<i>Mr. Hill.</i>			
<i>Secretary.</i>			
<i>Mr. Woodrow.</i>			
<i>A Jaylor.</i>			
<i>Two Fryers.</i>			
<i>A Guard. English Soldiers, Spanish Soldiers.</i>			

The Play of Dick of Devonshire.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

SCENE I.

Enter Don Pedro Gusman, Henrico and Manuell, his sons : Don Fernando and Eleonora, his daughter, and Teniente.

Pedr. Gentlemen, y'have much honourd me to take
Such entertainment, but y'are welcome all.
'Twas my desire to have your company
At parting : heaven knows when we shall meete againe.

Ten. You are for *France* then too ?

Man. I wayte on my father.

Pedr. *Henrico.*

Ferd. *Eleonora.*

Ten. But how chance, *Manuell*, your younger brother
Is at the Goale before you ? What, no Lady
To please your eye ?

Man. I am not
Yet weary of my freedome. May *Henrico*
Meet Joy in his Election : Yet I know not
One I would sooner choose to call a sister
Than *Eleonora*.

Pedr. At my returne from *France* all things shall bee
Consummate : in meantime let your owne hearts
Knitt with the strongest tye of love, be merry
In mutuall embraces, and let your prayers
Fill our departing sayles. Our stay will not
Bee long, and the necessity of my affaires
Unwillingly doth take me from you.

Hen. Though I could wish your stay, my duty bids me
Expect the enjoying of my happines
Till your return from *France*. Your blessing.

Eleo. How ever heaven dispose of *Eleonora*,
Pray write me in your thoughts your humblest daughter,
That shall make it a part of her devotions
To pray for you.

- Fer.* Well, sir, since your designe
Pulls you away, may your good Angell guard you.
Ten. The like wish I *Don Pedro*.
Fer. *Manuell*, I hope
You will not long breath out of *Spanish* ayre.
Farewell!
Pedr. My thanks to all. Stay! [*peeces discharged.*]
Fer. The Captaine of the Castle come to interpret
That language to us? What newes?

Enter Bustamente.

- Bust.* Such as will make all *Spaine* dance in Canary.
The *Brasile* fleete —
Pedr. Arriv'd?
Bust. Is putting into harbour, and aloud
Calls for a Midwife: she is great with gold
And longs to be delivered.
Pedr. No he *Spanyard*
Is not a true reioycer at the newes:
Be't a good omen to our Journey.
Ten. So we wish all.
Pedr. May we at our return meet no worse newes
Than now at parting. My noble *Don Fernando*.
And *Teniente*, once more farewell, (my daughter I hope)
Eleonora, Henrico.—Nay your good newes deserves a farewell.
Bust. A soldier's farewell, a fast hand and heart:
Good fate tq both.

[*Ex. Pedr. and Man.*]

- Hen.* Come, *Elinor*, let them discourse their Joys
For the safe fleete: in thee all my delights
Embark themselves. [them
Bust. Tush, lett' em come: our shippes have brought with
The newes of Warre.
Fer. What is that, Gentlemen?
Ten. I am speaking of a fleete of Enemyes.
Fer. From whence?
Ten. From *England*.
Fer. A Castle in the ayre.
Ten. Doe you not believe it?
Fer. I heard such a report
But had no faith in't: a mere potgun!

Bust. Nay, sir,

'Tis certaine there hath bene great preparation,
If our Intelligence be true to us :
And a mighty Navy threatens the sea.

Fer. What is that to us ?

How long hath it bene a voyce they were at sea !
I have ventured to discharge the soldiers
Which to keepe here in pay upon the rumour
Of a great fleete a comming, would both pester
The Towne and be unnecessary charge
To the King our Master.

Ten. But how if they intend us ?

Fer. 'Tis not probable :

The time of yeare is past, sir, now : more than
The middle of October. Had they meant us
We should have heard their message in loud Cannon
Before this time.

Bust. I am of that opinion.

Ten. But *Don Fernando* and *Bustamente* call to mind
The time hath bene, when we supposed too
The season past, they have saluted us
With more than friendly Bulletts ; tore the ribbs
Of our Towne up, made every house too hott
For the Inhabitants : had a spoyle of all
Spight of our hearts.

Fer. One Swallow makes not Summer : because once
Our city was their prize, is't of necessity
It must be so againe ?

Bust. Or were the Navy
Greater as fame gives out it is the fayrest
That ever danced upon these Seas, why yet
Should we suspect for this Citty :

Fer. Because we dreame soe.

Ten. If you did dreame it may be as neare truth :
I wish the contrary, but know them daring Enemyes.

Fer. The world, we doe acknowledge, cannot boast
More resolution than the *English* hearts
Seasond for action.

Ten. *Francisco Bustamente* how is the Castle ? what strength ?

Bust. A fort impregnable, wanting neyther soldiers nor
ammition.

Ten. Well, looke to't.

Fer. Howere
That will be necessary : the fort lyes in
The mouth of danger, and it will become
You to discharge that duty, *Bustamente*.

Bust. With my best care.

Ten. I wish you all well, and that you had not yet
Discharg'd your companyes *Don Fernando*.

Fer. Come, come ; putt of your Jelousy,
Drinke downe the remembrance. We forget
Our fleetes arrivall : send your feares away :
Nothing but wine and mirth should crowne this day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 2.

Enter two Devonshire Merchants, as being in Sherryes.

1. Heare you the newes ?

2. Yes, that an English fleet
Is making up to *Cales*.

1. Our *Sherryes* Merchants,
Though few of us be heere, shall soundly pay
To the furnishing of this Navy.

2. Nay, I assure you
Our shippes wilbe fast bound by *Spanish* charmes
Not to get hence in hast.

1. The Divell allready
Is furling up the sayles : Would all the sackes
Which we have bought for *England* were in *Devonshire*.
Turned to small Beere, so were we but in *Tavistocke*
To see it drawne out : were it nere so thin
I'de drink a health to all the Dons in *Sherryes*
And cry a pox upon 'em.

2. That word heard
By any lowsy *Spanish* Picardo
Were worth our two neckes. I'll not curse my *Diegoes*
But wish with all my heart that a faire wind
May with great Bellyes blesse our *English* sayles
Both out and in : and that the whole fleet may
Be at home delivered of no worse a conquest
Than the last noble voyage made to this Citty,
Though all the wines and merchandize I have here
Were ith' Sea's bottome.

1. Troth, so would I mine.
2. I nere could tell yet from what roote this huge
Large spreading Tree of hate from *Spayne* to us,
From us agayne to *Spayne*, took the first growth.
1. No ? then Ile tell you : let us season our sorrow
With this discourse.
2. With all my heart I long for't
1. You shall not loose your longing : then, sir, know
The hate a *Spanyard* beares an *Englishman*
Nor naturall is, nor ancient ; but as sparkes,
Flying from a flint by beating, beget flames,
Matter being neere to feed and nurse the fire
So from a tinder at the first kindled
Grew this heart burning twixt these two great Nations.
2. As how, pray ?
1. Heare me : any *Englishman*
That can but read our Chronicles can tell
That many of our Kings and noblest Princes
Have fetcht their best and royallest wives from *Spayne*,
The very last of all binding both kingdomes
Within one golden ring of love and peace
By the marriage of Queene *Mary* with that little man
(But mighty monarch) Phillip, son and heire
To *Charles* the Emperour.
2. You say right.
1. Religion
Having but one face then both here and there,
Both Nations seemd as one : Concord, Commerce
And swete Community were Chaynes of Pearle
About the neckes of eyther. But when *England*
Threw off the Yoake of *Rome*, *Spayne* flew from her :
Spayne was no more a sister nor a neighbour,
But a sworne Enemye. All this did but bring
Dry stickes to kindle fire : now see it burne.
2. And warme my knowledge and experience by't.
1. Spaine's anger never blew hott coales indeed
Till in Queene *Elizabeths* Raigne when (may I call him so)
That glory of his Country and *Spaynes* terror,
That wonder of the land and the Sea's minion
Drake, of eternall memory, harrowed th' *Indyes*.
2. The King of *Spaynes* west *Indyes* ?

1. Yes. When his Ilands
Nombre de Dios, Cartagena, Hispaniola,
 With *Cuba* and the rest of those faire Sisters,
 The mermaydes of those Seas, whose golden strings
 Give him his sweetest musicke, when they by Drake
 And his brave Ginge's were ravishd : when these red apples
 Were gather'd and brought hither to be payrd—
 Then the *Castilian* Lyon began to roare.
2. Had he not cause, being vexd soe ?
1. When our shippes
 Carrying such fire drakes in them that the huge
Spanish Galleasses, Galleons, Hulkes and Carrackes
 Being great with gold, in labour with some fright,
 Were all delivered of fine red cheekt children
 At *Plymouth, Portsmouth* and other English havens
 And onely by men midwives : had not Spayne reason
 To cry out, oh *Diablos Ingleses* !
2. It had not spoke such *Spanish* else.
1. When we did sett our feete even on their Mynes
 And brought their golden fagotts, their Ingotts
 And silver wedges : when each ship of ours
 Was able to spread sayles of silke ; the tacklings
 Of twisted gold : when every marryner
 At his arrivall here had his deepe pockets
 Crammd full of Pistoletts ; when the poorest ship-boy
 Might on the *Thames* make duckes and drake with pieces
 Of eight fetchd out of Spayne : These were the Bellows
 Which blew the *Spanish* bonfires of revenge :
 These were the times in which they calld our Nation
Borachos, Lutherans, and Furid del Inferno.
2. Would we might now give them the selfe same cause
 To call us soe.
1. The very name of *Drake*
 Was a bug bear to fright children : Nurses still'd
 Their little *Spanish* Nynnyes when they cryde
 "Hush ! the Drake comes."
2. All this must needs beget
 Their mortall hate to us.
1. It did ; yet then
 We lov'd them beyond measure.
2. Why ?

1. Why, did not
Spaine fetch gold from the *West Indies* for us
To spend here merrily? She planted vines,
We eate the Grapes: she playd the *Spanish* pavine
Under our windowes, we in our beds lay laughing
To heare such Mynstrelsy.
2. How then turned the windes?
Why did this beauteous face of love in us
Put on so blacke a Visour of hate to them?
1. Oh, sir, doe but looke backe to Eighty Eight,
That *Spanish* glasse shall tell you, shew each wrinkle.
England that yeare was but a bit pickd out [Cooke?
To be layd in their Kinges trencher. Who were their
Marry, sir, his Grandees and great Dons of *Spaine*
A Navy was provided, a royall fleete,
Infinite for the bravery of Admiralls,
Viceadmirall (*sic*) Generalls, Colonells and Commanders
Soldiers, and all the warlike furniture
Cost or experience or man's witt could muster
For such a mayne designe.
2. Stay: Eighty Eight,—
Thirty eight years agoe: much about then
Came I into the world.—Well, sir, this fleete?
1. Which made the Sea fish wonder what new kingdome
Was building over theirs, beate downe the Billowes
Before them to gett thither. 'Twas such a monster
In body, such a wonder in the eyes
And such a thunder in the eares of Christendome
That the Pope's Holynes would needes be Godfather
To this most mighty big limbd child, and call it
Th' Invincible Armado.
2. That's to say
A fleete of shipps not to be overcome
By any power of man.
1. These were the Whales,
These were the huge levyathans of the Sea
Which roaring came with wide and dreadfull Jawes
To swallow up our Kingdom, Shipps & Nation.
The fame of this Armado flew with Terroure
Riding on Envyes wing: the preparation
Was wayted on with wonder; and the approach

Shewd the grim face of horroure : yet gainst all these
Our Country and our Courages were armd.

2. *St. George for England !*

1. And *St. George* we cryde,
Albeit, we heard the Spanish Inquisition
Was aboard every ship with torture, torments,
Whippes strung with wyre and knives to cutt our throates.
But from the armed winds an hoast brake forth
Which tare their shippes and sav'd ours.—Thus I have read
Two storyes to you : one, why Spayne hates us,
T'other why we love not them.

Oh, sir, I thank you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 3.

Ent. Teniente, Don John, Henrico.

Ten. I ever feard some ill fate pointed at
This Citty.

Jo. Makes the fleete this way ?

Hen. *Buzzano !*

Ten. I did dreame every night of't, and the Ravens
With their unlucky throates never leave croaking
Some danger to us all.

Wheres *Buzzano* ? Villaine !

Jo. Be not discomforted.

Ten. Don *Fernando*, too,
Hath cut our strength off, taken away our swords
Should save our throates. I did preiudicate
Too rashly of the *English*; now we may
Yield up the Towne.—Sirra get you up to th' highest

Enter Buzzano.

Turret, that lookes three leagues into the Sea,
And tell us what you can discover there.

Buz. Why I can tell you ere I goe.

Hen. What ?

Buz. Why there are fishes and shippes too in the sea : they
were made for that purpose.

Ten. The fellow doates ! climbe quickly, sirra, and tell us
Whither any bend to this place : theres a fleete
Abroad : skud rascall.

Hen. Villayne, away : and cast your eyes into the Sea

Buz. Ile be hangd first : some wiser than some :

Mine eyes into the Sea ? I see no reason for't.

Ten. Why stayest thou ? this slave is without sence.

Get up and see, and report the truth.

Buz. That's another matter : I will orelooke you all presently.

Jo. What were I best to doe ? I do not like these Navyes.

Hen. Tis past question,

If they were kenn'd this way, that they intend

To make another meale of this Citty.

Ten. The first was but a Breakfast: they have shrewd stomakes.

Oh for a lusty storm to bury all

Their hopes in the waves now ! one good swelling gust

Would break their ribbs in pieces.

Jo. No witches abroad ?

Buz. I see, I see, I see !

Enter Buzzano above.

All What ?

Buz. Nay, I cannot tell what yet :

Something it is : I thinke it be a Towne.

Hen. Some Iland in the Sea !

Buz. It swims on the water.

Jo. 'Tis the fleete: come they this way ?

Buz. Yes, th'are ships : I know 'em by their foule linen ;
now I see them plainely : they come, they come, they come !

Hen. How far off ?

Ten. Speake, sirra.

Buz. If you would peace I might heare what they say ;
the wind serves to bring every word they speake : they make
towards, yes towards this Citty. A great fleete ! stay, stay,
look to your selves, Don: they spitt fire allready, and have hung
up a thousand flaggs of defyance. They are at the fort, the
Castle, at the Castle: would I were pelted to death with
Oranges and Lymons.

Ten. Here comes *Don Fernando*, what newes ?

Enter Fernando with Eleonora.

Fer. Assured danger, gentlemen, for all our men

Already are in a palsye and doe flye

They know not whither. They are *English* :

The Citty's allmost desperate.

Ten. Don John, come with me
And helpe to encourage the ramayning soldiers.
Fer. New supply shall quickly cheare you hearts.—
Henrico !

Hen. Sir ?
Fer. In this confusion, when a thousand feares
Present themselves & danger with full face
Lookes on the Generall Towne, let me locke up
This Treasure in your armes, so, for you have
At least an equall interest with mee
In *Eleonora*, in your father's house
She may hope more security, being of strength :
For this storm cannot last. But in your love
She hath a stronger guard,

Hen. This act of confidence
Binds me for ever to Fernando : come,
Halfe of my soule, for we two must not bee
In life devided. Though the Citty lye
At mercy of the Enemy, yet from
Don Pedro Gusman's house not all mankind
Shall take thee from me.

Enter Buzzano and Spanyards flying.

Buz. They come, they come, they come !
Fer. Committing this my Jewell to your trust
I must unto my charge : my blessing !
Eleo. Oh doe not leave me, sir, for without you
What safety can I have ? You are my father :
Pray, stay you with me.
Fer. Oh, my Girle, I cannot,
Dare not be so unfaithful to the trust
His Maiesty put me n, though I would stay.
Ele. I feare if you goe hence all will not long be well.
Hen. Distrust you me, *Eleonora* ?
Ele. No indeed :
You ever had with me th' opinion
Of a most noble gentleman.
Fer. What then ?
Ele. I know not what besides my feare : and that
Beggs I may share your fortune, since you may not
Take up such safety here as I have.

Fer. Come
 You are to blame : this heaven that now lookes on us
 With rugged brow may quickly smile againe
 And then I shall revisite my *Eleonora*.
 So, fare well. [*Exit.*

Hen. Till then with greater care than were the Dragons
 Supposed to watch the Golden Apples growing
 In the Hesperides, shall Henrico wayte
 On his best loved. Oh, my *Eleonora*,
 I would to heaven there were no war but here
 To shoote love darts ! each smile from this fayre Eye
 May take an Army prisoners : let me give
 My life up here unto those lipps, and yet
 I shall, by the sweetness of a kisse, take back
 The same againe. Oh thou in whom alone
 Vertue hath perfect figure, hide not day
 In such a Cloud : what feare hath enterd here ?
 My life is twisted in a Thread with thine ;
 Were't not defenced, there could nothing come
 To make this cheeke looke pale, which at your Eye
 Will not fall dead before you.—

Enter Buzzano.

Sirra, let all your care and duty bee
 Employed to cheere this lady : pray be merry.

Buz. Oh, sir, yonders such doings.

Hen. Hell on your bawling ! not a sillable to affright her
 or I shall tune your instrument there.

Buz. Hele breake the head of any instrument !

Why, sir, weoman are not affraid to heare of doings.

Hen. Still jarring ?

Buz. When the whole towne is altogether by th' eares you
 might give me leave to jar a little my selfe ;—I have done sir.

Hen. Putt on thy merriest face *Buzzano*.

Buz. I have but one face, but I can make a great many.

Hen. My best *Eleonora*, I shall soone returne :

In the meane time be owner of this house,
 The possesour. All danger, sweet, shall dwell
 Far off : Ile but enquire the state of things
 In the City, and fly back to thee with loves wings.

[*Exit.*

Ele. I prithee call him backe.

Buz. Signor Henrico

She has something more to say to you. [*Redit.*]

Hen. To me, sweetest ?

Ele. *Henrico*, doe you love me ?

Hen. By this faire hand.

Ele. And will you leave me, too ?

Hen. Not for the wealth of *Spaine*.

Ele. Since I must be your prisoner let me have
My keeper's company, for I am afraid
Some enemy in your absence, like a wolfe
May sieze on me. I know not whither now
I ere shall see my father : doe not you
Ravish yourselfe from me, for at the worst
We may dye here, *Henrico* : and I had rather
Fall in your eye than in your absence be
Dishonord : if the destinyes have not
Spun out a longer thread, let's dye together.

Hen. Oh doe not racke my soule with these sad accents.

Am I *Henrico* ? there is not any place
Can promise such security as this
To *Eleonora*. Doe not talk of dying,
Our best dayes are to come : putt on thy quiet,
And be above the reach of a misfortune.
Ile presently wayte on thee by this kisse.

Buz. Would I might keepe your oath : so please
You, lady, *Buzzano* will sweare too.

Hen. What ?

Buz. That you'le be there and here agen presently.

Hen. Attend here, Sirra.

Buz. If you must needes goe, pray, sir, keep yourselfe out
of Gun-shott.

Hen. Mind you your charge.

Buz. You shall heare a good report of my piece I warrant
you. Take heed you be not sent to heaven with powder : a
company of hott shotts are abroad, I can tell you.

Ele. If you will goe may your successe be faire.

Hen. Farewell : heaven cannot choose but heare your prayer.
[*Exit.*]

Buz. Now what please you, madam ? that I shall amble,
trott, or walke ?

Ele. Any pace.

Buz. Yet if you would referre it to me, I'de use none of them.

Ele. What wouldst doe ?

Buz. Why I would gallop or run, for I think long till I be at home in our Castle of Comfort. If it please you Ile lead you a hand gallop in the plaine ground trott uphill with you and racke downewards.

Ele. Talke not of rackes prithee : the times present too many.

Buz. Ride me as you will then ; I am used both to curbe and snaffle.

Ele. I prithee tell me, *Buzzano*,—so I heare thy master call thee——

Buz. He may call me at his pleasure, forsooth.

Ele. Dost thou know the nature of the English ?

Buz. Both Men and Women : I travelled thither with an Embassadour. For the Men Ile not misse you a haire of their condition : and for the Women I know 'em as well as if I had been in their bellies.

Ele. Are they not cruell ?

Buz. As Tygers, when they set on't : no mercy unless we aske them forgiveness.

Ele. That's somewhat yet.

Buz. But not to you : that's only to men : for lett the women fall downe afore 'em never too often they'le rather fall upon them. Nay, some of them are so spitefull they'le breake their owne backes before they let 'em rise againe.

Ele. Foole, I meane not your way.

Buz. Keepe your owne way, madam : I mean the playne way.

Ele. Are they not unmercifull in their natures to such as are in their power, their Enemyes as we may be ?

Buz. Their enemyes as we may be in their power ! I had rather be cramm'd into a cannon and shott against their ship than that you should prove a witch and tell true now. The *Tartar* is not halfe so grim : not a *Turke* would use us so like *Jewes* as they will. If it came to that once that they take the Towne you will see *Spanish* Dons heads cryed up and downe as they doe our Oreneges and Lymons : and the woemens heads shall off, too,—not a maydenhead of gold shall scape 'em.

Ele. It is no valour to use Tyranny

Upon the conquerd : they have been reported

A noble nation : and when last the pride
 Of this Citty adorn'd their victory, by command
 Of their brave Generall, no outrage ever
 The soldiers durst committ upon our persons :
 Though all our wealth ran in full streames upon them
 Our honours were preserved, or fame belys them.

Buz. No matter what fame sayes, perhaps I know more
 than she does : and yet, now you talk of valour, they are not
 comparable to us.

Ele. How ?

Buz. Why, valour is but the courage of a man : courage
 is, as they say, the spirit of a man : and the spirit of a man is
 the greatnes, as we call it, of his stomake. Now tis well
 knowen to the whole world they feed better and eate more
 than we : ergo, we have better stomackes than they. But,
 see ! we have talk't ourselves at home already, and the point
 (*port* ?) is open. Will't it please you enter, or shall I enter
 before you ? I am your man, madam.

Ele. You know the way best :—whilst aboard they are
 At fight, twixt hope and feare at home I warre.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

SCENE I.

*Alarum : as the soft musicke begins a peale of Ordnance goes off ;
 then Cornetts sound a Battaille ; which ended Captaine,
 Master of a ship, Dick Pike, with musketts.*

Capt. Fought bravely, countrymen ! Honour all this while
 Sate in a Throne of smoake with sparckling eyes
 Looking upon your courage and admiring
 Your resolutions, and now rewards your sweat
 With victory. The castle groans at heart :
 Her strongest ribbs are bruizd with battering cannons,
 And she hath tane into her bowells fire
 Enough to melt her.

Ma. My Lord came bravely up to her and shewd a spirit
 That commands danger : his honorable example
 Gave us new hearts.

Sol. Faith give the *Spanyards* their due : they entertained
 us handsomely with hott meat : 'twas no cold welcome.

Pike. But I would not willingly swallow their plums: they would rise shrewdly in a man's stomacke.

Cap. At the first shott, when the *Convertine* came in, 3 men were killd.

Ma. At the second 4, was't not?

Cap. At the third two more: one salutation

Came so close that, with the very wind,

My hands have almost lost the sense of feeling.

Jewell. Thou mad'st thy muskett spitt fire bravely.

Ma. And my *Devonshire* blade, honest *Dick Pike*

Spared not his sugar pellets among my *Spanyards*.

Cap. He did like a soldier, as he that chargd his muskett told me: in this service he hath dischargd 70 bulletts.

Pike. I did my part, sir, and wish I had been able to have layd 'em on thicker: but I have lynd somebodys gutts, much good doe 'em with it; some of them have wished well to me.

Cap. Art hurt?

Ma. Where?

Pike. No where; one of my flanckes itches a little: if a piece of lead have crept in to hide it selfe cowardly I am not much in debt for't.

Cap. Let my Surgeons search it

Pike. Search a pudding for plums: let my flesh alone: perhaps it wants souldering. Shall we to't agen: I have halfe a score pills for my *Spanyards*—better than purging comfitts.

Enter a Soldier.

Cap. What news?

Sol. The fort is yielded.

Pike. They have been speechlesse a good while: I thought they'de yield up the Ghost shortly.

Sol. But on condition to march away with flying colours, which was granted.

Cap. What's become of the Captaine of the fort?

Sol. *Don Francisco Bustament* is carryed aboard our Generall's ship, where he had a soldier like welcome, but he and all his company are put over to *Port Reall* upon the maine land because they should not succour the Citty.

Cap. Unles he will swim to th' Iland.—And how fares the *Convertine*?

Sol. Her shroudes are torne to pieces and her tacklings to raggs.

Cap. No matter she carries the more honour.

Sol. 5 hundred Bulletts sticke in her sides.

Pike. Tis well they scaped her heart, lying all the fight little more than pistoll shot from 'em; her Starboard still to the fort and at least 200 Musketts playing upon her. I wish'd heartily some of our London roaring Boyes had bene in the heate of 't.

Sol. Wouldst have 'em twice burnt.

Pike. They should have found a difference betwixt the smoake of Tobacco and of a muskett: another manner of noise than dam me & refuse me which they vomitt dayly. It might have done some of 'em good, for by that meanes they might have prayd heartily once in their lives.

Cap. The Whitehall men did good service.

Ma. Who? The Collyers?

Sol. 4000 Bulletts their ordnance and the *Hollanders* discharged upon the Castle.

Cap. 'Twas well done of all sides Bullyes: but since our forces are landed let it be your care to looke well to the Ships: and honest *Dick of Devonshire* be not too carelesse of your hurts: he meanes to fight againe that provides for his recovery soonest. Hold thee, here is something to pay the Surgeon, and to wash your wound withall.

Pike. My noble Captaine, Ile have care of my owne and drinke your health with it.

Ma. Thou deservest more than common encouragement, prithee, remember me too.

[*Exeunt Capt. and Mast.*]

Pike. Why, now I am sorry I have no more hurt, gentlemen: but I took it as earnest to receive more if occasion bee. I have but a barrel to bestow among my Dons: while that lasts let 'em come and welcome,—the drinke shall be spicd to their hands. Their complexions are blacke they shall want no Balls to wash their faces: if any doe light in their bodies they may chance be scourd all over.

Sol. 2. We may hap to be in the Sddes ourselves.

Pike. There will be charges savd then: for my part I am but one, and there are shotts enough.

Sol. 2. More by a score then I hope will be payd these two days.

Pike. Talk not of paying : here's more than a month comes to. Well, if our service be done, and there be any other liquor to be gott, wele drinke no salt water as long as this lasts.

Sol. 2. Come, let's have a dish to our countrymen and let's remember *Tavestock*.

Pike. God-a-mercy for that, boy. A match, a match !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 2.

Enter Henrico, Gusman, his sword drawne, and Eleonora.

Hen. Yet the Citty is safe enough : feare not, *Eleonora* :
The Bullets make no noyse here : if the Towne
Should yield her strength up to th' invader, thou
Art locked up like a spirit in a Christall :
Not an enchanted Castle, held up by
Strong charme, is halfe so safe. This house, though now
It carry but the figure & faire shape
Which the first workeman gave it, eating Time
Having devoured the face of't, is within
A Sanctuary, and hath so much cunning
Couched in the body not a Laborinth
Is so full of Meanders.

Ele. Sir, your presence
Confirms me in opinion of my safety :
Not of my life so much, for that's a thing
I owe to Nature & should one day be
A weary of it : like to Innes we take
Our houses up, having but here a place
Of Lodging, not of dwelling :—but of honour
You give me my assurance, for in such
A time of thick confusions I much feare
That might be hazarded. And who knows what
The soldier that hath no law but that
Of cruelty and rapine, when like a Bird
Of prey his Tallents are possessd of one
So weake as I am——

Hen. He that durst offend
Thee with a sillable or but fright that blood
Out of thy Cheekes to seeke another place,
Not daring to be seen there where it now
Is of itselfe sufficient to ravish

A mortall that with first eyes can looke on it,
 Had better be a divell. But a haire,
 The poorest part of thee and in this excellent
 Because 'tis thine, should any dare to ravish
 From these his soft companions, which the wind
 Would be for ever proud to play withall,
 H' had better dig his mother's coffin up
 And with his teeth eat what the wormes have left.

Ele. I know you will defend me.

Hen. Will defend thee!
 Have I a life, a soule that in thy service
 I would not wish expird! I doe but borrow
 Myselfe from thee.

Ele. Rather you put to Interest
 And for that principall you have credited
 To *Eleonora* her heart is paid backe
 As the iust Usury.

Hen. You undoe me, sweet,
 With too much love: if ere I marry thee
 I feare thou'lt kill me.

Ele. How?

Hen. With tendring me too much, my *Eleonora*:
 For in my conscience thou'lt extreame love me,
 And extreames often kill.

Ele. There can be no extreme of love, Sir.

Hen. Yes, but these may: and some say Jealousy
 Runs from the Sea, a rivolet but deducted,
 From the mayne channell.

Ele. This is a new language.

Hen. Have you not heard men have been killd with joy?
 Our grieve doth but contract the heart, and gladnesse
 Dilate the same; and soo too much of eyther
 Is hott i' th' fourth decree.

Ele. Sir, your discourse
 Is stuff of severall pieces and knitts not
 With that you usd but now: if we can practize
 A vertuous love there's no hurt to exceed in't
 —What doe you, Sir?

Hen. Looke on thee.

Ele. Why doe you eye me so and this is not usuall.
 Are you well?

Hen. Well, never better.

Ele. Pray heaven it bode me no unhappinesse !
How doth my father ?

Hen. He's very well, too ; feare not.

Ele. Still I read in your eyes——

Hen. What Babyes, pretty one ? Thy owne face,
Naught else :
I receive that way all this beauty into
My heart, and 'tis perhaps come backe to looke
Out at the window. Come I'le winke againe,
It shall not trouble you : hence my trayterous thoughts.

Ele. Indeed you are not well.
Indeed I am not : all's not well within me.
Why should I be a villaine ? *Eleonora*
Do not looke on me : turne those eyes away,
They would betray thee to thy sorrow : or
Lett me by parting carry along with me
That which to know undoes thee.

Ele. Are you not hurt ?

Hen. Yes.

Ele. Good heaven defend ! I have a soveraigne Balme.

[*Exit.*

Hen. Vanish, you ugly shapes & with her presence
Quitt your sharp stings ! into what monstrous creature
Feele I myselfe a-growing ! yet I cannot
Force backe the streame, it comes so fast upon me :
I cannot.

Enter Eleonora.

Ele. Here, good Henrico, let me see your wound.

Hen. No, I am well againe ; thanks my best love.
Come, let us walke and talke : I had a fancy
But 'tis no matter :—Buzzano !

Enter Buzzano.

Buz. Did you call ?

Hen. Yes, the Balme here——

Buz. What shall I doe with it ?

Hen. Lay it up safe : 'tis good for a greene wound
But mine's a blacke one :—and d' you heare, sirra,
Draw up the bridge, give entrance unto none.

Buz. All my fellows are abroad, sir : there's nobody at home but I.

Hen. No matter, let none enter : were my father
Brought with a whirlwind backe, he finds all shutt
Till I have done.

Buz. Well, sir :—madam, all this is that you should not
b'afraid : you now see what a kind man he is,—he will suffer
none to enter but himselfe.

[*Exit.*

Ele. If all this proceed out of your care of me, how much
am I bound to acknowledge you. Sir, methinks you minde
me not.

Hen. Yes I doe nothing else but thinke of thee, & of my
father, too, *Don Pedro.*

Ele. Ha ! I hope he's well.

Hen. I wish he were returned, my *Eleonora*, for both
our sakes.

Ele. The same wish I, sir.

Hen. That then our Joys, which now like flowers nipped
With frost, hang down the head as if the stalkes
Could not sustaine the toppes, they droope too muche :
At his return th'art mine.

Ele. I am yours now
In holiest contract.

Hen. That's the ground we build on :
Faith, since all ready the foundation's layd,
Let's work upon't. Y'are mine, you say, already—
Mine by all tearmes of Law, & nothing wanting
But the possession : let's not then expect
Th' uncertainty of a retorne from France
But be all one ymediately.

Ele. I understand you not.

Hen. Since y'are a Tree reservd for me what now
Should hinder me from climbing ? All your apples
I know are ripe already : tis' not stealth,
I shall rob nobody

Ele. You'le not be a divell ?

Hen. No, I will but play the man with you : why,
You know 'tis nothing.

Ele. Will you enforce mine honour ? oh Henrico,
Where have you left your goodnesse ? sure you cannot

Be so ignoble, if you thinke me worthy
To be your wife at least, to turne *Eleonora*
Into a whore.

Hen. Pish, some hungry Landlords would have rent before
The Quarterday,—I doe no more : by faire meanes
Yield up your fort ; the Tenement is mine owne
And I must dwell in't.

Ele. My feares pointed wrong.
You are no enemy, no Wolfe : it was
A villaine I disturbed : oh, make me not
Find in your presence that destruction
My thoughts were so affrighted with.

Hen. We shall have such adoe now !

Ele. Your father's house will prove no castle to mee
If you at home doe wound mee. 'Twas an Angell
Spoke in you lately not my cheeke should bee
Made pale with feare. Lay not a lasting blush
On my white Name : No haire should perish here
Was vowed even now :—Oh let not a black deed,
And by my sworn preserver, be my death,
My ever living death. *Henrico*, call
To mind your holy vows : think on our parents,
Ourselves, our honest names : doe not kill all
With such a murthering piece. You are not long
T'expect, with the consent of men and angells,
That which to take now from me will be losse,
A losse of heaven to thee. Oh, do not pawne it
For a poore minute's sin.

Hen. If't be a worke, madam, of so short time
Pray let me beg a minute's privacy :
'Twill be soon done.

Ele. Yes, but the horror of
So foule a deed shall never : there's layd up
Eternity of wrath in hell for lust.
Oh, 'tis the devill's exercise ! *Henrico*,
You are a man, a man whom I have layd up
Nearest my heart : in you 'twill be a sin
To threaten heaven and dare that Justice throw
Downe Thunder at you. Come, I know you doe
But try my vertue, whether I be prooffe
Against another's Battery : for these tears——

Hen. Nay, then I see you need will try my strength :
 My blood's on fire, I boyle with expectation
 To meet the pleasure and I will.

[*He forces her in.*]

Ele. Helpe, helpe!

Enter Buzzano.

Buz. Helpe? What nightingale was that? did one cry out for helpe? There's no Christian Soule in the house but they two and my selfe; and 'twas not mine I know by the smallnes of the voice: twas some woman cryde out, and therefore can be none but my young Lady,—it was she as sure as I am hungry: he's with her. But why, having one man did she cry out for more? oh our Spanish ovens are not heated with one Bavya. Well I must say nothing: my younge Cocke has been treading. Ile tread softly and see what they doe:—but, see!

Enter Henrico and Eleonora, loose haired and weeping.

Hen. What doe you looke after.

Buz. Why, sir, I looke after a voyce that appeard to me even now, crying “helpe,”—a very small one.

Hen. If what thou seest or heard'st be ever muttered by thee
 Though in thy sleep, villaine, Ile pistol thee.

Buz. Hum, it will not be safe to dreame of a knave shortly. Are you so good at a gun? if you use this too often your birding piece will scarce carry a yard level.

Hen. Come dresse your hayre up and be wise at last:

No more, I have done.

Buz. So I think in my conscience,—he hath done with her.

Hen. If you can be so simple to proclaim it, I can be impudent.

Ele. Yet dar'st thou live? and doe I live to see
 My selfe the shame of weomen? have I not
 Wept teare enough to drowne me? then let fire
 Enthrone itselke within me and beget
 Prodigious Cometts, that with flaming haire
 May threaten danger to thee!

Hen. Nay, nay, nay, if you be so hott Ile brave you:
 like wine thats burnt you must be set lightly, and then you'le
 come to a temper. [Exit.]

Ele. Oh, help me out of hell!

Buz. Sh' has bene at Barleybreake—Madam, I must say nothing :—there is a pistol and so forth :—but if you have occasion to use one, try mee : if I doe not prove an honest man to you than my Master, would my Codpiece point were broake. I know what I know, and yet Ile tell no tales ;—but if ever I come to speake once—I say nothing.

Ele. Oh that I could not breathe ! how can I have

A joy in life whose honour's in the grave.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE 3.

Enter Pike with his sword in his hand, a cloake in his Arme.

Pike. The freshnes of this Ayre does well after the salt-nes of the Sea. A pleasant Country, too, to looke upon, & would serve well to live upon if a man had it and knew how to place it out of this hott clymate ! I would I had a Matter, or a Mannour, indeede, of a 1,000 acres of these woodlands and room to set it in *Devonshire*. I would compare with any prince between *Tavistoke* and *Parradice* for an Orchard. But I could wish I were not alone here in this Conceit, dreaming of Golden Apples, lest they prove bitter fruite. Whether are our land soldiers straggeld, troe ? I would fain sett eye on some of them : Ile venture a little farther : *Devonshire* Dick was never afraid yet.—How now, my hearts ? upon a retreat so soone ?

Enter Three Soldiers.

1. I, to the ships : We can have our loades here of the best merchandise we can find in this Quarter.

2. Will you taste a Lymon ? excellent good to coole you.

Pike. And they are goodly ones : whence got you them ?

3. A little above here in an Orchard, where we left some of our company.

Pike. But may one goe safe, without danger ?

1. As safely as ever you gatherd nutts in *England* ;

The *Spaniards* are all fled.

2. Not soe much as the leg of a *Spaniard* left to squayle at their owne apple trees.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Pike. Ile have a pull at these pom-citrons for my noble Captaine ; and if I had a porter's basket full of 'em I would count them no burthen in requitall of some part of the love he hath shewen me.

[*Exit.*

SCENE 4.

Enter 3 other Soldiers.

1. They cannot be far before us, I am sure.

2. But for the hedge we might descry them within two muskett shott.

3. Pray God the enemy be not within one musket shott of us behind their hedges : for I am sure I saw an Harquebuse whip ore the way before us but even now. Oh, oh

Three or four shott dischargd.

2 soldiers slaine, the other falls on his belly.

Enter Pike.

Pike. Are you bouncing? Ile no further. Sure these can be no Crowkeepers nor birdscarers from the fruite! What rascalls were my Countrymen to tell me there was no danger! —alas, what's here! 3 of our soldiers slaine! dead, shott through the very bowells! So, is this quite dead too? poore wretches. You have payd for your Capon sauce.

3. Oh, oh!

Pike. Here's some life in yt yet : what cheare? how is't, my heart of gold? speake, man, if thou canst; looke this way : I promise thee 'tis an honest man and a true Englishman that speakes to thee. Thou look'st away as if thou did not trust me—I prithee speake to me any thing. Ile take thy word and thank thee too. Alas, I feare he's past it; he strives and cannot speake.—'Tis good to shift this ground: they may be charging more hidden villany while I stand prating heere.—He breathes still: come, thou shalt not stay behind for want of leggs or shoulders to beare thee. If there be surgery in our ships to recover the use of thy tongue, thou mayst one day acknowledge a man & a Christian in honest *Dick of Devonshire*. Come along:—nay now I feare my honesty is betrayd: a horseman proudly mounted makes towards me, and 'tis a Don that thinkes himself as brave as *St. Jaques*. What shall I doe? there is no starting: I must stand th' encounter.—Lye still a while and pray if thou canst, while I doe my best to save my owne & the little breath thou hast left. But I am in that prevented too: his breath's quite gone allready, and all the Christian duty I have now left for thee is to close thy eyes with a short prayer: Mayst

thou be in heaven, Amen.—Now Don Diego, & Don Thunderbolt, or Don Divell, I defye thee.

Enter Don John arm'd. Pike draws and wrapps his cloake about his arme.

Jo. Oh Viliaco, diable, *Anglese.* [*They fight.*]

Pike A pox upon thee, *Hispaniola*! Nay, if you be no better in the Reare than in the Van I shall make no doubt to vanquish, & vanquish you, too, before we part, my doughty *Don Diego.*

He hath him downe & disarmes him.

Jo. Mercy, *Englishman*, oh spare my life! pardonne moye je vous pre.

Pike. And take your goods? is that your meaning, Don, it shall be so: your horse and weapons I will take, but no pilferage. I am no pocketeer, no diver into slopps: yet you may please to empty them your selfe, good *Don*, in recompense of the sweet life I give you: you understand me well. This coyne may passe in *England*: what is your Donship calld, I pray.

Jo. *Don John*, a knight of *Spaine.*

Pike A knight of *Spaine*! and I a Squire of *Tavestock*: well, *Don John*, I am a little in hast & am unmannerly constreynd to leave your *Castilian* on foote, while my *Devonshire* worship shall teach your *Spanish* Jennett an *English* gallop. Adios, signior.

Enter 12 Muskietiers.

Oh what a tyde of Fortunes plight am I
Now to swim through! beare up yet Jovyall heart
And while thou knowest heavenly mercy doe not start.
Once more let me embrace you, signior.

1. I say he is an *Englishman*: letts shoote him.

2. I say the other is a *Spanyard* and Don John: & we dare not shoote the one for feare of killing th' other.

Jo. Oh hold and spare us both, for we are frends.

1. But by your leave we will part your embraces: so disarme, disarme.

Jo. I thank you, Countrymen: I hope you'll trust my honour with my armes.

1. Yes take them signior: but you will yield the *Englishman* our prisoner?

Jo. Yes, with a Villaines marke.

[*He wounds him.*]

1. A Villaine's mark, indeed ! wound a disarmed souldier !

Jo. He triumphd in the odds he had of me,
And he shall know that from the *Spanish* rase
Revenge though here so bloudy, is not base.
Away with him
A prisoner into th' Citty !

Pike Where you please,
Although your Law's more merciles than Seas.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 5.

Enter Don Ferdinando, the Teniente with attendants : Bustamente brought in with a Guard.

Fer. *Francisco Bustamente*, late Captaine of the Castle
Stand forth accused of Treason against his Maiesty.

Bust. It is a language I not understand
And but that by the rule of loyalty
Unto my king and country I am made
Attendant to the Law, & in this honourd
Presence, the Governour & *Teniente*,
Under whose jurisdiction I hold place,
I would not beare nor hear it.

Fer. I'de be glad
You could as easily acquitt your selfe
Of guilt as stand up in your owne defence ;
But, *Bustamente* when it doth appeare
To law & reason on which law is groundd,
Your great offence is daring to betray
The Spanish honour unto Infamy,
In yeilding up the fort on such slight cause,
You can no lesse than yield yourselfe most guilty.

Bust. Far be it from your thought, my honourd Lord,
To wrest the hazardous fortune of the warre
Into the bloudyer censure of the Law.
Was it my fault that in the first assault
The Canoniers were slayne, whereby our strength,
Our mayne offensive strength, was quite defeated
And our defensive part so much enfeebled
That possibility to subsist was lost,

Or by resistance to preserve one life ?
While there was sparke of hope I did maintayne
The fight with fiery resolution
And (give me leave to speak it) like a solder.

Ten. To my seeming your resolution
Was forwardest to yeild than to repell :
We had else stood longer out.

Bust. We stood the losse of most of our best men,
And of our musketiers no lesse than fifty
Fell by the adverse shott : whose bodyes with their armes
Were cast by my directions downe a well
Because their armes should neyther arm our foes
Nor of our losse the sight give them encouragement.

Fer. That pollicy pleades no excuse : you yet
Had men enough, had they bene soldiers,
Fit for a leader's justification.
And do not we know that 6 score at least
Of these base picaros with which you stuff'd
The fort, to feed, not fight,—unworthy of
The name of *Spanyards*, much lesse of soldiers—
At once ran all away like sheep together,
Having but o'er the Walls descryde th' approach
Of th' Enemy ? Some of the feare-spurr'd villaines
Were overturn'd by slaughter in their flight,
Others are taken and are sure to find
Our lawes as sharpe as either Sword or Bullet.
For your part, *Bustamente*, for that you have
Done heretofore more for your Countryes love
You shall not doubt of honourable tryall,
Which in the Court of Warre shall be determined,
At *Sherris*, whitherward you instantly
Shall with a guard be sent.—See't done : away.

Bust. The best of my desire is to obey.

[Exit with a guard.

Enter Don John, Pike (with his face wounded) a guard of musketts.

Fer. Whence is that soldier ?

1. Of England.

Jo. Or of hell.

1. It was our chance to come unto the rescue
Of this renowned Knight, *Don John*,

Who was his prisoner as he now is ours.
 Some few more of his mates we shott and slew
 That were (out of their English liquorishness)
 Bold to robb orchards of forbidden fruite.

2. It was a fine ambition : they would have thought
 Themselves as famous as their Country-man
 That put a girdle round about the world,
 Could they have said, at their returne to *Englands*,
 Unto their sons, " Looke Boyes : this fruit your father
 With his adventurous hands in *Spayne* did gather."

Fer. Tis a goodly fellow.

1. Had you not better have gone home without
 Lymons to eate Capons with your frends than to stay
 here without Capons to taste Lymons with us that
 you call Enemyes ?

Pike. I could better fast with a noble Enemy than
 Feast with unworthy frends.

Fer. How came he by these woundes ?

Pike. Not by noble Enemyes : this on my face
 By this proud man, yet not more proud then base :
 For, when my hands were in a manner bound,
 I having given him life, he gave this wound.

Fer. 'Twas unadvisd.

Ten. The more unmanly done :
 And though, *Don John*, by law y'are not accusd,
 He being a common Enemy, yet being a man
 You in humanity are not excusd.

Jo. It was my fury & thirst of revenge.

Fer. Reason & manhood had become you better :
 Your honours wounded deeper than his flesh.
 Yet we must quitt your person & committ
 The *Englishman* to prison.

Ten. To prison with him : but let best care be taken
 For the best surgeons, that his wounds be look'd to.

Pike Your care is noble, and I yield best thanks ;
 And 'tis but need, I tell your Seigniories,
 For I have one hurt more than you have seene,
 As basely given & by a baser person ;
 A *Flemming* seeing me led a prisoner
 Cryde, " Whither doe you lead that *English* dog,
 Kill, kill him ! " cryde hee, " he's no Christian "

And ran me in the bodie with his halbert

At least four inches deepe.

Fer. Poore man, I pittie thee.—But to the prison with him.

Ten. And let him be carefully lookt to.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACTUS TERTIUS.

SCENE I.

Enter Captaine, Hill, Secretary, Jewell.

Cap. Our Generall yet showd himselfe right noble in offering ransome for poore Captive *Pike*.

Sec. So largely, too, as he did, Captaine.

Cap. If any reasonable price would have been accepted it had bene given, Mr. Secretary, I assure you.

Jew. I can testify that at our returne, in our Generall's name & my owne, I made the large offer to the Teniente who will by no meanes render him. Sure they hold him for some great noble purchase.

Sec. A Barronet at least, one of the lusty blood, Captaine.

Cap. Or perhaps, Mr. Secretary, some remarkeable Commonwealth's man, a pollitician in Government.

Sec. 'Twere a weake state-body that could not spare such members. Alas, poore *Pike*, I thinke thy pate holds no more pollicy than a pollax.

Hill. Who is more expert in any quality than he that hath it at his finger ends; & if he have more pollicy in his braines than dirt under his nayles Ile nere give 2 groats for a calve's head. But without all question he hath done some excellent piece of Villany among the Diegoes, or else they take him for a fatter sheep to kill than he is.

Cap. Well, gentlemen, we all can but condole the losse of him: and though all that we all come hither for be not worth him, yet we must be content to leave him. The fleete is ready, the wind faire, and we must expect him no longer.

Hill. He was a true *Devonshire* blade.

Sec. My Countryman, Sir: therefore would I have given the price of a hundred of the best Toledoes rather than heare the misse of him at home complayned by his Wife and Children.

Jew. Your tenderness becomes you, sir, but not the time, which wafts us hence to shun a greater danger.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 2.

Enter Pike in shackles, night cap, playsters on his face: a Jaylor.

Pike. The fleete is gone & I have now no hope of liberty: yet I am well refreshd in the care hath bene taken for my cure. But was ever *English* horse thus *Spanish* billed and bossd!

Jay. Sir, the care of your keeper, by whom this ease hath been procured, requires remuneration.

Pike. Heres for you, my frend.

Jay. I assure you, the best surgeons this part of *Spaine* affords, though my care taken of you; & you may thanke me.

Pike. What an arrogant rascall's this!—Sir, I thought my thanks herein had chiefly appertained to the humanity of the Governour, & that your especiall care had bene in providing these necessary shackles to keepe me from running into further danger: these I tooke to be the strong bonds of your friendship.

Jay. Sir, I hope they fitt you as well as if they had bene made for you. Oh, I am so much your servant that I doe wish 'em stronger for your sake.

Pike. 'Tis everwell as it is, sir.

Jay. You are most curteous.

[*Exit.*]

Pike. A precious rogue! If the Jaylors be so pregnant what is the hangman, troe? By the time my misery hath brought me to climbe to his acquaintance I shall find a frend t' the last gaspe. What's here, a lady? are the weomen so cruell here to insult ore Captive wretches.

Enter Catelyna & Jaylor.

Cat. Is this the English prisoner?

Jay. Yes, Madam.

Cat. Trust me, a goodly person.

Pike. She eyes me wistly: sure she comes not to instruct herselfe in the art of painting by the patternes of my face

Cat. Indeed I cannot, but must needs acknowledge my-selfe beholding to you.

Pike. This I must beare :

I will doe soe and call't my sweet affliction.

Cat. Will you heare me, sir? I am the Lady——

Pike Yes, I doe heare you say you are the Lady; but let me tell you, Madam, that Ladyes, though they should have tenderest sence of honour & all vertuous goodnesse, & so resemble Goddesses as well in soule as feature, doe often prove dissemblers & in their seemely breasts beare cruelty & mischief. If you be one of those, oh, be converted: returne from whence you came & know 'tis irreligious, nay diuinish to tread & triumph over misery.

Cat. How well he speakes, yet in the sence bewraying

A sence distracted: sure his captivity,
His wounds, & hard entreaty make him Franticke!
Pray hear me, sir, & in two words Ile tell you
Enough to win beliefe: I am the Lady
Of the Knight vanquished by you, *Don John*.

Pike. Y'have said enough, indeed: pitty of heaven,

What new invented cruelty is this!
Was't not enough that by his ruthlesse basenes
I had these wounds inflicted, but I must
Be tortured with his wife's uniust reioycings!
'Twas well his politicke feare, which durst not come
To glory in his handy worke himselfe,
Could send your priuilegd Lady ship.

Cat. Indeed you much mistake me: as I live,

As I hope mercy & for after life,
I come for nothing but to offer thanks
Unto your goodnes, by whose manly temper
My lord and husband reassum'd his life:
And aske your Christian pardon for the wrong
Which by your suffering now pleads him guilty.
Good sir, let no mistrust of my iust purpose
Crosse your affection: did you know my love
To honour and to honest actions,
You would not then reiect my gratulations.
And since that deeds doe best declare our meaning
I pray accept of this.
This money and these clothes and my request
Unto your keeper for best meats and wines
That are agreeable to your health and taste.

And, honest frend, thou knowst and darest, I hope,
Believe me I will see they payd for all.

Jay. Yes, my good lady. Loe you, sir, you see
Still how my care provides your good : you may
Suppose the Governour's humanity
Takes care for you in this, too.

Pike. Excellent Ladye I doe now believe
Virtue and weomen are growne frends againe.

Enter Don John.

Jo. What magicall illusion's this ? tis she !
Confusion seize your charitable blindness !
Are you a prison visiter for this,
To cherish my dishonour for your merit ?

Cat. My lord, I hope my Charity workes for your honour,
Receiving him whose mercy spared your life.

Jo. But that I'me subject to the law & know
My blowes are mortall, I would strike thee dead.
Ignoble & degenerate from Spanish blood,
Darst thou maintaine this to be charity ?
Thy strumpett itch & treason to my bed
Thou seekst to act in cherishing this villaine.

Cat. Saints be my witnesses you doe me wrong !

Jo. Thou robbst my honour.

Pike. You wound her honour and you robb yourselfe,
And me and all good Christians, by this outrage.

Jo. Doe you prate, sir ?

Pike. Sir, I may speake : my tongue's unshackled yet,
And were my hands and feete so, on free ground
I would maintayne the honour of this Lady
Against an Hoast of such ignoble husbands.

Jo. You are condemnd already by the Law
I make no doubt : and therefore speake your pleasure.
—And here come those fore whom my rage is silent.

Enter Ferdinando, Teniente, Guard.

Fer. Deliver up your prisoner to the *Teniente*.
I need not, sir, instruct you in your place
To beare him with a guard as is appointed
Unto the publicke tryall held at *Sherrys*.

Ten. It shall be done.

Fer. How long hath he bene your prisoner.

Jay. 18 days.

Fer. You & the Surgeons out of the Kings pay
Ile see dischargd.—You have according to the Order,
Conveyd already Bustamente thither
To yeild account for yeilding up the Castle ?

Ten. 'Tis done, my Lord.

Fer. Don John, you likewise in his Maiesties name
Stand chargd to make your personall appearance
To give in evidence against this prisoner.

Jo. I shall be ready there, my Lord.

Pike. To *Sherrys* ? They say the best sackes there.
I mean to take one draught of dying comfort.

Cat. I hope you'le not deny my company
To waite on you to Sherris ?

Jo. No, you shall goe to see your frend there totter.

Pike. I have a suite, my Lord : to see an *Englishman*
A Merchant, prisoner here, before I goe.

Fer. Call him : that done you know your charge

Ten. And shall performe it. [Exit Jaylour.

[Ex. *Fer.*, *John*, *Catalina*.

Enter Jaylor & Woodrow.

Pike. Oh, Mr. Woodrow, I must now take leave
Of prison fellowship with you. Your fortunes
May call you into *England*, after payment
Of some few money debts : but I am calld
Unto a further tryall : my debt is life,
Which if they take not by extortion,
I mean, by tortures, I shall gladly pay it.

Wo. I have heard, & thought you by what I had heard
Free from feare's passion : still continue soe,
Depending on heaven's mercy.

Pike. You do instruct me well : but worthy Countryman,
Once more let me give you this to remember,
And 'tis my last request :—that when your better stars
Shall guide you into *England*, youle be pleased
To take my Country *Devonshire* in your way :
Where you may find in Taverstoke (whom I left)
My Wife & Children wretched in my misfortunes.
Commend me to them, tell them & my frends

Was worse than any scorpion, till he cast
His eye on *Eleonora*: and therefore, sir,
I hope it is not so.

Pedro. Was not she so?

Man. I doe not say, sir that she was not so,
Yet women are strange creatures: but my hope
Is that my brother was not so ignoble.
Good sir, be not too credulous on a Letter.
Who knowes but it was forged, sent by some foe
As the most vertuous ever have the most?
I know my Brother lov'd her honour so
As wealth of kingdoms could not him entice
To violate it or his faith to her.
Perhapps it is some queint desire of theirs
To hast your journey homeward out of *France*,
To terminate their long-desired marriage.

Pedro. The language of her letter speakes no such comfort,
But I will hasten home: &, for you are
So confident as not to thinke his honour
Any way toucht, your good hopes be your guide
Auspiciously to find it to your wish.
Therefore my counsaile is you post before,
And, if you find that such a wrong be done,
Let such provision instantly be
Betwixt you made to hide it from the world
By giving her due nuptiall satisfaction,
That I may heare no noise of't at my comming.
Oh, to preserve the Reputation
Of noble ancestry that nere bore stayne,
Who would not passe through fire or dive the mayne.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 4.

Enter Fernando & Eleonora.

Fer. Cease, *Eleonora*, cease these needles plaints,
Less usefull than thy helpe of hand was at
The deed of darkness,—oh, the blackest deed
That ever overclouded my felicity!
To speake, or weepe thy sorrow, but allayes
And quenches anger, which we must now cherish

To further iust revenge. How could I wish
But to call backe the strength of twenty years !

Ele. That I might be in that unborne againe, sir.

Fer. No, *Eleonora*, that I were so ennabled,
With my owne hands to worke out thy wronge
Upon that wretch, that villaine, oh, that Ravisher !
But though my hands are palsyed with rage,
The Law yet weares a sword in our defence.

Enter Henrico.

Ele. Away, my Lord ! Father ! see the monster
Approaching towards you ! Who knows but now
He purposeth an assassinate on your life,
As he did lately on my Virgin honour ?

Fer. Fury, keepe off me !

Hen. What life, what honour meane you ? *Eleonora*,
What is the matter ? Who hath lost anything ?

Ele. Thou impudent as impious, I have lost —

Hen. Doe you call me names ?

Ele. The solace of my life, for which —

Hen. A fine new name for a Maydenhead !

Ele. May all the curses of all injured weomen
Fall on thy head !

Hen. Would not the curses of all good ones serve ?
So many might perhaps be borne ; but, pray,
Tell me what moves you thus ? Why stand you soe
Aloofe, my Lord ? I do not love to bee
Usd like a stranger : welcome's all I looke for.

Fer. What boldnesse beyond madnesse gives him language !
Nothing but well-bred stuffe ! Canst see my daughter
And not be strooke with horroure of thy shame
To th' very heart ? Is't not enough, thou Traytour,
To my poore Girle's dishonour to abuse her
But thou canst yett putt on a devill's visour
To face thy fact and glory in her woe ?

Hen. I would I were acquainted with your honour's
meaning all this while.

Fer. The forreine Enemy which came to the Citty
And twice Dancd on the Sea before it waving
Flaggs of defyance & of fury to it,
Were not before nor now this second time

So cruell as thou. For when they first were here
 Now well nigh 40 years since, & marched through
 The very heart of this place, trampled on
 The bosomes of our stoutest soldiers,
 The woemen yet were safe. Ladyes were free
 And that by the especial command
 Of the then noble Generall: & now being safe
 From common danger of our enemyes,
 Thou lyon-like hast broake in on a Lambe
 And preyed upon her.

Hen. How have I preyd?

Fer. Dost thou delight
 To heare it named, Villaine, th' hast ravisht her.

Hen. I am enough abusd, & now 'tis time
 To speake a litle for myselfe, my lord.
 By all the vowes, the oathes & imprecations
 That ere were made, studied, or practised,
 As I have a soule, as she & you have soules,
 I doe not know, nor can nor will confesse
 Any such thing, for all your Circumvention:
 Ile answer all by Law.

Ele. Oh, my Lord, heare me
 By all that's good—

Fer. Peace, *Eleonora*; I have thought the course.
 If you dare justify the accusation
 You shall to *Sherrys*, and then before the Judges
 Plead your owne cause.

Hen. And there Ile anon answer it.

Fer. There if you prove the Rape, he shall be forced
 Either to satisfy you by marriage
 Or else to loose his periurd head.

Hen. I am content.
 And instantly I will away to *Sherrys*
 There to appeal to the high Court of Justice.
 'Tis time I thinke such slanderous accusations
 Assayling me; but there I shall be righted.

Fer. You shall not need to doubt it:—come, *Eleonora*.

[*Exeunt.*]

Hen. What will become of me in this, I know not:
 I have a shrewd guese though of the worst.
 Would one have thought the foolish ape would putt

The finger in the eye and tell it daddy
 'Tis a rare gift mong many maides of these dayes ;
 If she speed well she'le bring it to a Custome,
 Make her example followed to the spoyle
 Of much good sport : but I meane to looke to't.
 Now, sir, your newes ?

Enter Buzzano.

Buz. The most delicious, rare, absolute newes that ere
 came out of *France*, sir !

Hen. What's done there ? have they forsaken the Divell
 and all his fashions ? banishd their Taylors & Tyrewomen ?

Buz. You had a father and a brother there : and can you
 first thinke upon the Divell and his Limetwiggs.

Hen. Had, *Buzzano* ? had a father & a brother there ?

Have I not so, still, *Buzzano* ?

Buz. No, sir, your elder Brother is ——

Hen. What, speake *Buzzano* : I imagine dead.

Buz. Nay, you shall give me something by your leave.

You shall pay the poast :—good newes for nothing !

Hen. Here, here, *Buzzano* : speake quickly, crowne me
 with the felicity of a younger brother : is he dead, man !

Buz. No, he's come home very well, sir ; doe you thinke
 I goe on dead men's errands.

Hen. Pox on thee, beuzzard ! how he startled my blood.

Buz. But he is very weary & very pensive, sir, talke not
 at all, but calls for his bed :—pray God your Father be not
 dead ! and desires when you come in to have you his Bed-
 fellow, for he hath private speech with ye.

Hen. Well, sir, you that are so apt to take money for
 newes beware how you reflect one word, sillable or thought
 concerning *Eleonora* : you knowe what I meane ?

Buz. Yes, & meane what you know, sir.

Hen. What's that ?

Buz. Ile keepe your Counsaile

Hen. My life goes for it else.

[*Exeunt.*

ACTUS QUARTUS.

SCENE I.

*Enter Henrico (as newly risen)**Hen. Buzzano ! Slave ! Buzzano !**Enter Buzzano with Cloak & Rapier.**Buz.* Signior, what a buzzing you make, as if you were a fly at Bartholomew-tyde at a Butcher's stall : doe you think I am deafe ?*Hen.* No, but blind : do'st sleepe as thou goest ?*Buz.* No, but I goe as I sleepe, & that's scurvily.*Hen.* Call my brother *Manuell*.*Buz.* Brother *Manuell* !*Hen.* How ? pray (goodman rascall) how long have he & you bene Brothers ?*Buz.* I know not : may be ever since we were borne, for your father used to come home to my mother, & why may not I be a chipp of the same blocke out of which you two were cutt ? Mothers are sure of their children, but no man is able to sweare who was his father.*Hen.* You are very lusty.*Buz.* I eat eringoes and potchd eggs last night.*Hen.* Goe & call him.*Buz.* What ?*Hen.* You hound, is he up ?*Buz.* No, he's in bed, and yet he may be up too ; Ile goe see.*Hen.* Stay and speak low.—How now ?*Buz. falls downe.**Buz.* I can speake no lower unlesse I creep into the Cellar.*Hen.* I'me glad you are so merry, sir.*Buz.* So am I : my heart is a fiddle : the strings are rozend with ioy that my other young Mr. is come home, & my tongue the sticke that makes the fiddle squeake.*Hen.* Come hither, leave your fooling & tell me truely : didst sleepe to-night or no ?*Buz.* Sleepe ? Not that I remember. Ile sweare (& my eyes should come out as 2 witnesses) that I nere slept worse ; for what with your Spanish flyes (the pocky stinging musquitoes) & what with your skip Jack fleas, the nap of my sleepe was worne off.

Hen. Didst hear nothing ?

Buz. Not in my sleepe.

Hen. Collect thy senses: when thou wert awake didst thou heare nothing ?

Buz. Nothing.

Hen. Twixt 12 and one ?

Buz. 12 and one ? Then was I in my dead sleepe cursing the fleas.

Hen. Or about one & two.

Buz. That's Three :—Now the Beetle of my head beates it into my memory that as you & your brother *Manuell* lay in the high bed, & I trondling underneath, I heard one of you talke most stigmatically in his sleepe—most horriferously.

Hen. Right, now thou com'st to me,—so did I.

Buz. And then once or twice the sleepy voice cryde out,

“Oh it was I that murthered him ! this hand killd him !”

Hen. Art sure thou heardst this ?

Buz. Am I sure these are my eares ?

Hen. And dar'st thou sweare thou heardst it ?

Buz. Lay downe 20 oathes, and see if Ile not take them.

Hen. And whose voice was it did appeare to thee ;

Buz. Whose voice was it ? Well said, young Master !

Make an asse of your father's man !

Hen. Come, come be serious: whose voice ?

Buz. Whose voice ? why then, if your wind pipe were slitt now and opend, there should the voice be found. I durst at midnight be sworne the Ghost of your voice appeared before me.

Hen. No: me it frighted too: up stood my haire stiffe & on end.

Buz. As a catt's does at sight of a dog.

Hen. A cold sweat pearld in dropps all ore my body:

For 'twas my Brother's voice, and were I calld

Before a thousand Judges I must sweare

It could be no man's els.

Buz. Why then, I must sweare so, too.

Hen. “Oh it was I that murthered him ! this hand killed him !”

[*Within, Man*] *Buzzano !*

Hen. He's up.

Man. *Buzzano !*

Buz. I come.

Hen. Helpe to make him ready, but not a word on thy life.

Buz. Mum. [Exit.]

Hen. So let it worke : thus far my wheelles goe true.
 Because a Captaine, leading up his men
 In the proud van, has honour above them,
 And they his vassiales : must my elder brother
 Leave me a slave to the world ? & why forsooth ?
 Because he gott the start in my mother's belly,
 To be before me there. All younger brothers
 Must sitt beneath the salt & take what dishes
 The elder shoves downe to them. I do not like
 This kind of service : could I by this tricke,
 Of a voice counterfeited and confessing
 The murther of my father, trusse up this youker
 And so make myself heire & a younger brother
 Of him, 'twere a good dayes worke. Wer't not fine
 angling ?
 Hold line and hook : Ile puzzle him.

Enter Manuell and Buzzano.

Man. Morrow, brother.

Hen. Oh, good morrow : You had slept soundly.

Man. Travellers that are weary have sleepe led in a string.

Buz. So doe those that are hanged : all that travell &
 are weary do not sleepe.

Man. Why, Mr. Buzzano, why ?

Buz. Midwives travell at night & are weary with eating
 groaning pyes, & yet sleepe not : shall I hooke you ?

Man. Hooke me ? What meanst ?

Buz. These Taylors are the wittiest knaves that live by
 bread.

Hen. And why witty, out of your wisdom ?

Buz. In old time gentlemen would call to their men and
 cry "Come trusse me," now the word is "Come hooke me;" for
 every body now lookes so narrowly to Taylors Bills (some for
 very anger never prying them) that the needle lance Knights
 in revenge of those prying eyes, put so many hookes & eyes
 to every hose & dubblet.

Man. Well, sir, Ile not be hookd then now.

Buz. 'Tis well if you be not. [Exit.]

Hen. France is an excellent country.

Man. Oh, a brave one.

Hen. Your Monsieurs gallant Sparks.

Man. Sparkes? Oh, sir, all fire,

The soule of complement, courtship & fine language :
Witty & active ; lovers of faire Ladyes,
Short naggs & *English* Mastives : proud, fantasticke,
Yet such a pride & such fantasticknes,
It so becomes them other Nations,
(Especially the English) hold themselves
No perfect gentleman gentlemen till frenchified.

Hen. Tush, *England* breeds more apes than Barbary.—

How chance my father came not home with you?

Man. He was too hard tyed by the leg with busines.

Hen. What business?

Man. 'Tis but stepping into *France*,
And he perhaps will tell you.

Hen. Perhaps? tis well:

What part of *France* did you leave him in?

Man. What part? why I left him at *Nancy* in *Lorraine*.

No, no, I lye, now I remember me 'twas at *Chadlous* in
Burgundy.

Hen. Hoyda, a most loving child that knows
That knows not where he left his father, & yet
Comes but now from him! had you left in *France*
Your whore behind you, in your Table Bookes
You would have sett downe the street's very name,
Yes and the baudy signe, too.

Man. Hum, you say well, sir.
Now you are up to th'eares in Baudery,
Pray tell me one thing, Brother: (I am sorry
To putt forth such a question) but speake truly,
Have you not in my father's absence done
A piece of worke (not your best master piece)
But such an one as on the house of *Guzman*
Will plucke a vengeance, & on the poor old man
(Our noble father) heape such hills of sorrow
To beate him into his grave?

Hen. What's this your foolery?

Man. Pray heaven it prove soe; have you not defac'd
That sweet & matchles goodnes, *Eleonora*,
Fernando's daughter?

Hen. How defacd her ?

Man. Hearke, sir, playd Tarquin's part and ravisht her.

Hen. 'Tis a lie.

Man. I hope so too.

Hen. What villaine speakes it.

Man. One with so wide a throat, that uttering
'Twas heard in France : a letter, sir, informed
My father so.

Hen. Letter ? from whom ?

Man. A woman.

Hen. She's a whore.

Man. 'Twas *Eleonora*.

Hen. She's, then, a Villanous Strumpet so to write,
And you an asse, a coxcomb to beleeeve it.

Man. Nettled ? then let me tell you that I feare
I shall for ever blush when in my hearing
Any names *Henrico Guzman* for any brother.
In righte of vertue & a woman's honour
(This deare wrongd Ladies) I dare call thee Villaine.

Hen. Villaine !

They fight : enter Ferdinando and attendants.

Fer. Part them, part them !

Hen. Let me see his heart
Panting upon my weapon's point : then part us.
Oh, pray, forbare the roome.

Fer. Fy, Fy ! two brothers,
Two Eagles of one noble Aery,
Pecke out each other's eyes ! Welcome from *France* !
How does your honourd father ?

Man. Well, my Lord :
I left him late in *Paris*.

Hen. So, so, in *Paris* !
Hath he 3 bodies ? *Lorraine, Burgundy & Paris* !
My Lord, his Highness puts into your hand
A sword of Justice : draw it forth, I charge you
By th' oath made to your King, to smite this Traytour
The murtherer of my father !

Man. I ?

Hen. Yes, thou :
Thou, slave, hast bene his executioner.

Man. Where? When?
Hen. There, there; in *France*.
Man. Oh heavenly powers!
Hen. Oh intollerable villaine! parricide!
 Monster of mankind! *Spaniard's* shame!
Fer. Pray heare me:
 Are you in earnest.
Hen. Earnest?
Fer. Be advised.
Hen. Lay hold on him, the murtherer of my father:
 I have armd proof against him.
Man. An armd devill,
 And that's thyselfe! Produce thy proofes
Hen. I will, sir:
 But I will doe't by law.
Fer. You are up already
 Too deepe, I feare, in Law.
Hen. If you can, sett then
 Your foote upon my head & drowne me, your worst:
 Let me have Justice here.
Fer. Well, sir, you shall.
Manuell. I can no lesse than lay upon you
 The hand of my authority. In my caroach
 You shall with me to *Sherris*, 3 leagues off,
 Where the Lords sitt to-morrow: there you must answer
 This most unbrotherly accusation.
Man. And prove him a false caytiffe.
Fer. I will be both your guard, sir, and your bayle
 And make no doubt to free you from this Viper.
Hen. Viper!
Fer. Y'are bound to appeare at *Sherris*, sir;
 And you were best not fayle.
 I have a certaine Daughter there shall meete you.
 Come.

[Exit *Fer.*, *Man.* &

Hen. Thither I dare you both, all three,—*Buzzano*!

Buz. Sir,

Hen. Saddle my Janet! Ile to *Sherris* presently.

Buz. And I?

Hen. And you: but I must schoole you, sirra.

[Exeunt.

SCENE 2.

Enter Pike, shackled, & his Jaylour.

Jay. Boon Coragio, man! how is't?

Pike. Not very well & yet well enough, considering how the cheating dice of the world run.

Jay. I dare not, though I have a care of you, ease you of one Iron unless I desire such Gyves my selfe.

Pike. Las, if they were all knockt off I'me loaden with Gyves Shackles, and fetters enough for the arrantest theefe that ever lay in my owne country in Newgate.

Jay. Shackles, gyves, and fetters enough! I see none but these at your heeles, which came on without a shoeing horne.

Pike. Yes, at my heart I weare them—a wife and children (my poore Lambes at home:) there's a chaine of sighes and sobbes and sorrow harder than any iron: and this chaine is so long it reaches from *Sherrys* to *Tavestock* in *Devonshire*.

Jay. That's farre enough in Conscience.

Pike. Could I shake those Chaines off I would cutt Capers: poor Dick Pike would dance though Death pip'd to him; yes, and spit in your Hangman's face.

Jay. Not too much of that nayther: some two days hence he will give you a choake peare will spoyle your spitting.

Pike. Pheu!

Jay. For, let me see, to-day is Sunday: to-morrow the Lords sitt, and then I must have a care—a cruell care—to have your leggs handsome and a new cleane ruff band about your necke, of old rusty iron; 'twill purge your choller.

Pike. I, I, let it, let it: Collers, halters, & hangmen are to me bracelets and frendly companions.

[*Knocking within.*

Jay. So hasty? Stay my leasure.—

[*Enter 2 fryers*

Two fryers come to prepare you.

[*Exit*

1. Hayle, Countryman! for we, though fryers in *Spaine*,
Were borne in *Ireland*,

Pike. Reverend Sir, y'are welcome
Too few such visitants, nay none at all,
Have I seen in this damnable Limbo.

2. Brother, take heed: doe not misuse that word
Of Limbo.

1. Brother Pike, for so we heare
Men call you, we are come in pure devotion
And charity to your soule, being thereto bound
By holy orders of our Mother Church.

Pike. What to doe, pray, with me.

1. To point with our fingers [shallowes,
Out all such rockes, shelves, quicksands, gulfes, &
Lying in the sea through which you are to passe
In the most dangerous voyage you ere made:
Eyther by our care to sett you safe on land,
Or, if you fly from us your heavenly pilotts
Sure to be wrackt for ever.

Pike. What must I doe?

2. Confesse to one of us what ranke and foule impostumes
Have bred about your soule.

1. What Leprosies
Have run ore all your Conscience.

2. What hott feavers
Now shake your peace of mind.

1. For we are come
To cure your old corruptions.

2. We are come
To be your true and free Physitians.

1. Without the helpe of gold to give you health.

2. To sett you on your feete on the right way.

1. To *Palestine*, the *New* Jerusalem.

2. Say
Will you unlocke the closet of your heart
To one of us? chuse which, & be absold
From all your blacke crimes on a free confession
1. To him or me for you must dye to-morrow.

Pike. Welcome!

To-morrow I shall be in another country
Where are no Examiners, nor Jaylers,
Nor bolts, nor barres, nor irons. I beseech you
Give me a little respite to retire
Into the next roome & I will instantly
Returne to give you satisfaction.

[*Exit.*

Ambo. Soe, brother.

1. A goodly man!
2. Well limbd & strong of heart.

1. Now I well view his face did not we two
At our last being in *Plymouth*, in disguise,
When that the King of *England* rode about
To see the soldiers in their musterings.
And what their armes were, first before this fleet,
Sett out, did we not see him there?
2. May be we did, I know not if he were there,
'Tis now out of my memory.

Enter Pike.

1. Are you resolv'd?

Pike. Yes.

2. To confesse.

Pike. I ha' don't already.

1. To whom?

Pike. To one who is in better place
And greater power than you to cure my sicke
Infected past, though maladies as infinite
As the sea sands, the grassy spears on earth,
Was the drops of raine and stars in the firmament
Stucke on me he can clear all, cleanse me thoroughly.

2. You will not then confesse?

Pike. No, confesse I will not.

1. We are sorry for you :

For Countryes sake this Counsaile do I give you :
When y'are before the Lords rule well your tongue,
Be wary how you answer, least they tripp you :
For they know the whole number of your shippes,
Burthen, men & munition, as well
As you in *England*.

Pike. I thanke you both.

2. Prepare to dye.

[Exeunt Fryers.]

Pike. I will so,—Prepare to dye! An excellent bell & it sounds sweetly. He that prepares to dye rigges a goodly ship: he that is well prepar'd is ready to launch forth: he that prepares well & dyes well, arrives at a happy haven. Prepare to dye! preparation is the sauce, death the meate, my soule & body the guests: & to this feast will I goe, boldly as a Man, humbly as a Christian, & bravely as an *Englishman*. Oh my children, my Children! my poore Wife & Children!

Enter Jaylour & 3 Spanish Picaroes chayned.

Jay. Here's a chearfull morning towards, my brave blouds !

1. Yes, Jaylor, if thou wert to be hanged in one of our rooms.

Jay. On, on : the Lords will sitt presently.

2. What's hee ?

Jay. An *Englishman*

3. A dog !

1. A divell !

2. Let's beat out his braines with our Irons.

Jay. On, on ; leave rayling, cursing, & lying : had you not run from the Castle the hangman & you had bene "hayle fellow ! well met : " On !

All. Crowes pecke thy eyes out, English dog, curre, toad, hell hound !

[Exeunt.

Pike. Patience is a good armour, humility a strong head-piece, would I had you all three, I know where.

Enter Bustamente shackled, & Jaylor.

Bust. Whither dost lead me ?

Jay. To a roome by yourselfe : 'tis my office to have a care of my nurse children.

Bust. I have worn better Spanish gaiters : thus rewarded for my service !

Jay. See, Capt. *Bustamente* ; doe you know this fellow ?

Bust. No.

Jay. The Englishman brought prisoner into the Citty, & from thence hither.

Pike. Oh, Captaine, I saw you at the fort performe the part of a man.

Bust. And now thou seest me acting the part of a slave. Farewell, soldier. I did not hate thee at the first, though there we mett enemyes : and if thou & I take our leaves at the Gallowes, prithee lett's part friends.

[A table out, sword & papers.

Jay. Come along, you too.

Pike. Hand in hand, if the Captaine please : noble *Bustamente*, at the winning of the fort we had a brave breakfast.

Bust. True, but I doubt not we shall have worse cheer at dinner.

Jay. When was ever any meat well dressd in the hang-man's kitchen?

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE 3.

Enter Fernando, bare headed, Talking with the Duke of Macada ; Duke Gyron, Medyna, Marquesse d'Alquevezas : 2 Gen. one with Pike's sword, which is laid on a table : Jaylour, Teniente : Clarke with papers.

Mac. Where's the *Teniente*?

Clarke. The Duke calls for you.

Ten. Here, my Lord.

Mac. 'Tis the King's pleasure that those fugitives
Which basely left the fort should not be honourd
With a judiciall tryall, but presently
(Both those you have at home & these in *Sherrys*)
To dye by martiall law.

Ten. My Lord, Ile see it done.

Mac. Dispatch the rest here.

Jay. Yes my Lord ; Ile bring them carefully together to end the business.

Gyr. Bring *Bustamente* in.

[*Exit Jaylour.*

Mac. My Lords, here's *Don Fernando* relates to me
Two stories full of wonder : one of his daughter,
Fam'd for her vertues, faire *Eleonora*,
Accusing *Don Henrico*, youngest sonne
To noble *Pedro Guzman*, of a rape :
Another of the same *Henricos*, charging
His elder brother *Manuell* with the murther
Of *Pedro Guzman*, who went late to *France*.

Gyr. Are all the parties here?

Fer. Yes.

[*Exit Fernan.*

Enter Jaylour, Bustamente, Guard.

Gyr. Bring them in.

Mac. Bustamente,

The King, our Master, looking with sharpe eyes,
Upon your trayterous yielding up the fort,
Putts off your Tryall here : you must abide
Longer imprisonment.

Bust. I have already quitted
 My selfe, my lord, of that which you call Treason
 Which had in any here (he doing the like)
 Bene a high point of honour.
Alq. These braves cannot serve you
Gyr. You must not be your own Judge.
Mac. You gave the *English*
 More glory by your base ignoble rendring
 The fort up than our Nation gott from them
 In all our undertakings.
Bust. Here me, my Lord.
Mac. Sir, sir, w^have other anviles : *Bustamente*,
 Prepare yourselfe for death.
Bust. For all my service !
All. Take him away !
Bust. You are Lyons & I your prey
 [Exit with Jaylour.
Mac. Which are *Don Pedro's* sons ?

Enter Fernando, Henrico, Manuell.

Fer. These two.
Mac. Which youngest ?
Hen. I, my Lord.

Enter Jaylour.

Mac. You charge this Gentleman, your elder brother,
 With Murther of your father.
Hen. Which I can prove.
Mac. And hither flies a ravisht Ladies voice
 To charge you with a Rape ; the wronged Daughter
 Of this most noble Gentleman.
Hen. Let them prove that.
Mac. These accusations & the proofes shall meete
 Here face to face in th' afternoone. Meantime
 Pray, *Don Fernando*, let it be your care
 To see these gentlemen attended on
 By a strong guard.
Fer. The wrongs done to my selfe
 Work me, my lord, to that.
Man. I would your Grace would heare me speake a little.
All You shall have time.

Med. Take them away,
And at their Tryall have the Lady here
[*Ex. Fer., Hen., Man., & Jaylour.*]

Gyr. Where is the *Englishman*?

Clarke. The *Englishman*!

Alq. What do you call him? *Dick of Devonshire*?

Med. Because he is a soldier let him have
A soldier's honour: bring him from his prison
Full in the face of the whole Towne of *Sherrys*,
With drums & musketts.

Mac. How many soldiers are in the Towne?

Clarke. 5000

Med. Let 200 march hither along with him as his guard:
where's the *Teniente*?

Ten. Here, my Lord.

Med. Pray see this done & in good order.

Ten. I shall. [Exit.]

Enter Don John below.

Gyr. What makes *Don John* here? Oh now I remember:
You come against the *Englishman*.

Jo. Yes, my Lord.

Enter his Lady and a Gentlewoman above.

Mac. Give me the note there of the *English* advertize-
ments.

[*They all conferre.*]

Lady. Here may we see & heare: poore *Englishman*!

Sadnes! I cast on thee a noble pitty,
A pitty mixt with sorrow that my Husband
Has drawne him to this misery, to whom
The soldier gave life being at his mercy.

Gent. Twas bravely done, no doubt he'le speed the better
for his mind.

Lady. I visited him in prison,
And did with much adoe win from *Don John*
This journey, for I vowed to see the event.
How they will deale with him.

Gent. I hope most fairely.

Enter 2 drums, Teniente, divers musketts, Fernando with Pike, (without band, and Iron about his necke, 2 chaines manackling his wrists, a great chaine at his heeles): Jaylour, 3 or 4 halberts, A Barre sett out.

Clarke. Silence!

You see how much our Spanish soldiers love you.
To give this brave attendance: though your Nation
Fought us and came to hunt us to our deathes.

Pike. My Lords, this which in shew is brave attendance
And love to me is the worldes posture right,
Where one man's falling downe sett up another.
My sorrows are their triumphes: So in kings courts,
When officers are thrust out of their roomes,
Others leape laughing in while they doe mourne,
I am at your mercy.

Mac. Sirra, *Englishman*.
Know you that weapon?—reach it him.

Pike. Yes, it
Was once mine: and drawes tears from me to think
How 'twas forced from me.

Mac. How many Spanyards
Killd you with that sword?

Had I killed one
This Barre had nere bene guilty of my pleading
Before such Princely Judges. There stands the man.

Gyr. Don John, sett he on you or you on him?

Jo. He upon me first.

Pike. Let me then be torne
Into a thousand pieces.

Lady. My Husband speaks untruth.

Alq. Sette he on you first? More coward you to suffer an
enemy be aforehand.

Pike. Indeed in *England* my countrymen are good at bidd-
ing stand; but I was not now upon a robbery but a defence,
sett round with a thousand dangers. He sett upon me; I had
him at my feete, sav'd him, and for my labour was after basely
hurt by him.

Fer. This was examined by me, my Lords;
And *Don John*, thus accusd, was much ashamd
Of his unmanly dealing.

Gyr. He may be now soe.

Lady. I blush for him my selfe.

Alq. Disgrace to Spanyards !

Mac. Sirra, you *English*, what was the ship you came in ?

Pike. The *Convertine*.

Mac. What Ordnance did she carry ?

Pike. 40 peeces.

Gyr. No, sir, but 38 : see here, my Lord.

Alq. Right, no more than 38.

Mac. Your fort at Plymouth strong ?

Pike. Yes, very strong.

Mac. What Ordnance in't ?

Pike. 50 peeces.

Gyr. Oh fye, do not belye your Country, there's not so many.

Alq. How many soldiers keep you in that fort ?

Pike. 200.

Mac. Much about such a number.—

There is a little island before *Plymouth* :

What strength is that of ?

Pike. I do not know.

Gyr. We doe, then.

Alq. Is Plymouth a walld towne ?

Pike. Yes, it is walld.

Mac. And a good wall ?

Pike. A very good strong wall.

Gyr. True, tis a good strong wall, and built so high
One with a leape staff may leape over it.

Mac. Why did not your good navy, being in such bravery,
As it tooke *Puntall* seize Cales ?

Pike Our Generall

Might easily have tane it, for he had
Almost a thousand scaling ladders to sett up ;
And without mayme to's army he might loose
A thousand men : but he was loath to robb
An almes-house when he'd a richer market
To buy a conquest in.

Mac. What was that Market ?

Pike *Genoa* or *Lisbon* : wherefore should we venture
Our lives to catch the wind, or to gett knockes
And nothing else.

[*They consult.*]

Mac. A poast with speed, to Lisbon,
And see't well mand.

Ten. One shal be sent my Lord.
[*Exit, the Soldiers laugh.*]

Alq. How now, why is this laughter?

Fer. One of the soldiers, being merry among themselves,
is somewhat bold with the *English*, and sayes th'are dainty
Hennes.

All [*Alq.*?] Hens! ha! ha! ha!

Mac. Sirra, View well these soldiers,
And freely tell us, thinke you these will prove
Such hens as are your *English*, when next yeare
They land in your owne Country.

Pike I thinke they will not,
My lord, prove hens, but somewhat neere to hens.

Mac. How mean'st thou?

Pike. Let my speech breed no offence:
I thinke they would prove pulletts.

Dar'st thou fight
With any one of these our *Spanish* pulletts?

Pike. What heart have I to fight when 'tis beaten flatt
To earth with sad afflictions? Can a prisoner
Glory in playing the Fencer? my life's at stake
Allready: can I putt it in for more?
Our army was some 14,000 men
Of which more than 12,000 had spirits so high
Mine never shall come neere them: would some of them
Were here to feed your expectations!
Yet silly as I am, having faire pardon
From all your Graces and your greatneses,
Ile try if I have strength in this chayned arme
To break a rapier.

Mac. Knock off all his gyves.
And he that hath a stomacke for *Spaine's* honour
To combate with this *Englishman*, appeare.

Pike. May he be never calld an *Englishman*
That dares not look a divelle in the face,
[*One stepps forth.*]

Come he in face of man, come how he can.

Mac. Your name?

Tia. Tiago.

All. Well done, Tiago.

Mac. Let drums beate all the time they fight.

Lady. I pray for thee.

Gent. And I.

[*They fight : Pike disarms and tripps him downe.*]

Pike. Only a Devonshire hugg, sir :—at your feete

I lay my winnings.

Tia. Diable!

[*Exit biting his thumb : the soldiers stampe.*]

Gyr. Wilt venter on another?

Pike. I beseech you

To pardon me, and taske me to no more.

Alq. Come, come, one more : looke you, here's a

Young Cockerell

Comes crowing into the pitt.

[*Another steps in.*]

All. Pry thee, fight with him.

Pike. I'me in the lyon's gripe and to get from him

There's but one way ; that's death.

Mac. *English,* What say you? Will you fight or no?

Pike. Ile fight.

All. Give 'em room! Make way there!

Pike. Ile fight till every Joynt be cutt in pieces

To please such brave spectators : yes Ile fight

While I can stand, be you but pleas'd my Lords,

The noble Dukes here, to allow me choice

Of my owne Country weapon.

All. What?

Pike. A Quarter Staff—this, were the head off.

Mac. Off with the head & roome!

How dost thou like this Spaniard?

Pike. Well he's welcome.

Here's my old trusty frend : are there no more?

One! what, but one? why I shall make no play,

No sport before my princely Judges with one.

More sacks to the Mill! come, another! what no more?

Mac. How many wouldst thou have?

Pike. Any number under six.

All. Ha, ha, sure he's mad

Mac. Dar'st cope with Three.

Pike. Where are they ? let 'em shew their faces, so ; Welcome !

Mac. How dost thou like these chickens ?

Pike. When I have drest them
With sorrel sopps Ile tell you

Lady. Now guard him heaven !

[*Drums, They fight, one is killed the other 2 disarmed.*]

1. Hell take thy Quarter Staffe !

2. Pox on thy quarters !

Mac. The matter ? Why this noyse ?

[*A noyse within of Diable Englese.*]

Jay. The soldiers rayle, stamp stare, and sweare to cutt
His throat for all the Jaylor's care of him.

Mac. Make proclamation, my lord *Fernando*
That who soever dares but touch his finger
To hurt him, dyes.

Fer. I will, sir.

Lady. This is done nobly.

Mac. Here give him this gold

Ten. The Duke *Macada* gives you this gold.

All. And this.

Ten. The Duke of Medina this : Duke Gyron this ; &
looke you, the Marquesse Alqueveza as much as all the rest.

Alq. Where's any of my men ? Give him your cloake, sirra.
Fetch him cleane Band and Cuffs. I embrace thee, *Pike*.
And hugg thee in my arms : scorne not to weare
A Spanish livery.

Pike. Oh, my Lord, I am proud of't.

Mac. He shalbe with a Convoy sent to the King.

Alq. 4 of my gentlemen shall along with him :
Ile beare thy charges, soldier, to *Madrid*,
5 peeces of 8 a day in travell &
Lying still thou shalt have halfe that.

Pike. On my knees

Your vassaile thanks heaven, you and these princes.

Mac. Breake up the Court till afternoon : then the 2
Guzmans tryall.

All. Come, *Englishman*.

Med. How we honour valour thus our loves express :
Thou hast a guard of Dukes and Marquessees.

[*Exeunt all.*]

ACTUS QUINTUS.

SCENE I.

Enter Teniente & Henrico.

Ten. The Lords are not yet risen : let us walke and talke
 Were you not better yield to marry her
 Than yield to suffer death ? know you the law ?

Hen. Law ! yes : the spider's cobweb, out of which great
 flyes breake, and in which the little are hanged : the Tarrier's
 snaphauce, lime twiggs, weavers shuttle & blankets, in which
 fooles and wrangling coxcombes are tossd.

Ten. I know't now or not ?

Ten. If of the rape she accuse you 'tis in her choise
 To have you marry her or to have you hangd,

Han. Hangd, hangd by any meanes ! marry her ? had I
 The King of *Spaines* 7 Kingdomes,
Gallicia, Navarre, the 2 *Castiles*,
Leon, Arrogan, Valentia, Granada,
 And *Portugall*, to make up 8 Ide lose them.
 All to be rid of such a piece of flesh.

Ten. How ? such a piece of flesh Why, she has limbes.
 Mad out of wax

Hen. Then have her to some faire.
 And show her for money.

Ten. Is she not sweet complexiond ?

Hen. As most Ladyes are that studye painting.

Ten. What meate will downe your throat, when
 You scorne pheasant, partridge, woodcocke & coney ?
 Would I had such a dish.

Hen. Woodcocke and coney take to you, my *Don Teniente* :
 Ile none, and because you keepe such a wondering why
 my stomach goes against the wench (albeit I might find better
 talk, considering what ladder I stand upon) Ile tell you,
 signior, what kind of wife I must have or none.

Ten. Pray let me see her picture.

Hen. Draw then this curtaine :

Give me a wife that's sound of wind and limbe :
 Whose teeth can tell her age : whose hand nere felt
 A touch lascivious : whose eyes are balls
 Not tossd by her to any but to me : [kisse
 Whose breath stinkes not of sweetmeates : whose lipps

Onely themselves and mine : whose tongue nere lay
At the signe of the Bell. She must not be a scold,
No, nor a foole to be in love with Bables ;
No nor too wise to think I nere saile true
But when she steares the rudder. I'de not have
Her belly a drum, such as they weave points on,
Unles they be tagged with vertue : nor would I have
Her white round breasts 2 sucking bottles to nurse
Any Bastard at them.

Ten. I believe you would not.

Hen. I would not have her tall, because I love not
To dance about a May pole : not too lowe
(Litle clocks goe seldome true) : nor, sir, too fatt
(Slug shippes can keepe no pace) : no, nor too leane
To read Anatomy lectures ore her Carcas.
Nor would I have any wife exceeding faire,
For then she's liquorish meate : & it would mad me
To see whore masters teeth water at her,
Red haired by no meanes, though she would yield money
To sell her to some Jew for poyson. No,
My wife shall be a globe terrestriall,
Moving upon no axel tree but mine ;
Which globe when I turne round, what land soever
I touch my Wife is with me, still Ime at home.

Ten. But where will you find such a wife on earth ?

Hen. No, such a wife in the Moone for me doth tarry :
If none such shine here I with none will marry.

Ten. The Lords are come.

Hen. I care neyther for Lords nor Ladies.

*Enter the nobles as before : Fernando, Manuell, Clarke,
Jaylor.*

Mac. Where are these gentlemen ? Sett 'em both to a Barre.
And opposite face to face : a confrontation
May perhaps daunt th' offender & draw from him
More than he'de utter. You accuse your brother
A murderer of your father : where's the prooffe ?

Hen. First call my father's man in.

Clark. What's his name ?

Hen. Buzzano.

Clark. Call Buzzano in !

Enter Buzzano.

Buz. Here I am, here.

Clark. Stand out :—Whither goe you ?

Buz. To stand out.

Clark. Stand there.

Mac. Now what can he say ?

Hen. First, my Lord, heare mee :

My brother & I lying in one bed together,
And he just under us——

Buz. I in my fleabitten Trundle bed

Clark. Peace, sirra.

Hen. About midnight I awaking,

And this *Buzzano* too, my brother in his sleepe
Thus cryd out, " Oh 'twas I that murderd him,
This hand that killd him ! "

Gyr. Heard you this, sirra ?

Buz. As sure as I heare you now.

Alq. And you'le be sworne 'twas he that so cryde out ?

Buz. If I were going to be hangd Ide sweare.

Clark. Forbeare the Court.

[Exit Buzzano.]

Mac. All this is but presumption : if this be all
The shott you make against him your bullets stick
In a mud wall, or if they meete resistance
They back rebound & fly in your owne face.

Med. Bring your best forces up, for these are weak ones.

Hen. Then here I throw my glove & challenge him
To make this good upon him : that at coming home
He first told me my father dyed in France,
Then some hours after that he was not dead
But that he left him in *Lorraine* at *Nancy*,
Then at *Chadlous* in *Burgundy*, & lastly
He said to *Don Fernando* he was in *Paris*.

Fer. He did indeed.

Mac. What then ?

Hen. Then, when in's chamber we were going to bed,
He suddenly lookd wild, catchd me by the hand
And, falling on his knees, with a pale face
And troubled conscience he confessed he killed him,
Nay swore he basely murderd him.

Mac. What say you to this ?

Alq. Now he comes close up to you.

Man. He is my murtherer——

For I am none, so lett my Innocence guard me.
I never spake with a distracted voice :
Nere fell to him on my knees ; spake of no father,
No murtherd father. He's alive as I am,
And some foul divell stands at the fellowe's elbow,
Jogging him to this mischeffe. The Villaine belyes me,
And on my knees, my lord, I beg that I
And my white Innocence may tread the path
Beaten out before us by that man, my brother.
Command a case of rapiers to be sent for,
And lett me meete his daring. I know him violent,
But I am doubly armd, both with a Courage
Fiery as his can be, and with a cause
That spitts his accusation full in the face.

Mac. The combate in this case cannot be granted,
And here's the reason : When a man accuses
A frend, much more a brother, for a fact
So foule as murther (murther of a father)
The Law leapes straight way to the Challenger
To take his part. Say that he doth accuse
Should be decrepitt, lame and weake, or sickly,
The other strong & lusty : thinke you a kingdome
Will hazard so a subject, when the quarrell
Is for a kingdome's right ? If y'are so valiant
You then must call the law into the field
But not the man.

Man. I have done ; let law proceed.

Mac. This cannot serve your turne, say he does belye you ;
He stakes against your body his owne soule.
Say there is no such murther, yet the Law
Fastens on you ; for any man accusd
For killing of his father may be rackd
To draw confession from him. Will you confesse ?

Man. I cannot, must not, will not.

Mac. Jaylour, take & prepare him for the racke :
Wele see it done here.

Hen. You are righteous Judges.

Man. Oh villaine, villaine, villaine !

[Exit with the Jaylor.

Med. Where's the wrongd Lady

Alq. Stand you still at the Barre.

You are now another man, sir ; your scale turnes.

Fernando fetches in Eleonora.

Mac. Looke on the prisoner : doe you know him, Lady?

Ele. Would I had nere had cause to say I know him.

Mac. Of what do you accuse him ?

Ele. As the murtherer

Both of my name and honour—In the hurry,
When the Citty (they said) was ready to be taken,
I being betrothed to this young gentleman,
My father brought me to his father's house,
Telling me their dwelt safety.—There dwelt villainy,
Treason, lust, baseness ! for this godlesse man
(The storme being ore) came in & forced from me
The Jewell of my virgin honour.

Hen. False !

Fer. I would not have thee thinke (thou graceles wretch)

She being contracted to thee, loving thee,
Loving thee far more dearly than her selfe,
Would wound her vertue so, so blott her fame
And bring a scandall on my house & me,
Were not the fact most true.

Hen. Most false by all that ever man can sweare by
We falling out, I told her once I nere
Would marry her : & soe she workes this mischief.

Gyr. You here stand charged for ravishing her, & you
Must marry her or she may have your life.

Mac. Lady, what say you ? Which had you rather have
His life or him ?

Ele. I am not cruell ; pay me my first Bond
Of marriage, which you seald to, & I free you
And shall with joy run flying to your armes.

All. Law you ?

Mac. That's easy enough.

Hen. Rackes, Gibbetts, Wheelles make sausages of my
flesh first ! Ile be ty'd to no man's strumpet.

Alq. Then you muste look to dye.

Mac. Lady, withdraw.

Hen. Well if I do somebody shall racke.

Ele. Oh me, unfortunate Creature!

[*Exit.*

Enter Manuell to be rackt : Jaylour & Officers.

Med. Don Manuell Guzman ere you taste the tortures
Which you are sure to feele, will you confesse
This murther of your farther?

Man. Pray, give me privacy a little with my brother
All [*Alq.?*] Take it.

Man. O brother your owne Conscience knowes you wrong me
Ile rather suffer on the Gallow Tree.
Than thus be torne in pieces. Canst thou see mee
Thus worryed amongst hangmen? deare Henrico,
For heaven's sake, for thine owne sake pittie mee.

All [*Alq.?*] What sayes he?

Hen. Cunning, cunning, cunning Traytour!
In my eare he confesses all again and prayes me
To speake to you.

Mac. Will you openly confesse?

Man. No, no, I cannot. Caytiffe, I spake not soe:
I must not wound my Conscience to lay on it
A guilt it knows not. Ile not so dishonour
My father nor my ancestours before me,
Nor my posterity with such an earthquake
To shake our noble house.

Mac. Give him the law then.

Man. Ile meete a thousand deaths first.

Hen. Plucke, & plucke home, for he's a murtherous
villaine.

Man. Thou worse, a divell.

Mac. Racke him!

Man. Oh stay! for heaven's sake spread your mercy!
I doe confesse the murther; I killd my father.

All. Take him off!

Man. This hand stabbed him.

Mac. Where?

Man. Neere *St. German's*

In *Paris*, in a darke night, & then I fled.

Mac. Thy owne tongue is thy prooffe; take him away:
To-morrow looke to dye: send him a Confessour.

Jay. Ile have a holy care of him.

Exit Manuell, led by the Jaylour.

Hen. Who's now, my Lords, the Villaine?

Enter Elenora and Buzzano

Ele. Oh Justice, here's a Witnesse of my Rape.

Mac. Did you see't, sirra?

Buz. See't! no, sir, would I had: but when she was to labour I heard her cry out "helpe! helpe!" & the Gamboll being ended she came in like a mad women, ruffled & crumpled, her haire about her eares: & he all unbrac'd, sweating as if he had bene thrashing: & afterwards he told me, my lords, that he had downe diddled her.

Hen. I now am lost indeed, & on my knee

Beg pardon of that Goodnes, that pure Temple
Which my base lust prophand, & will make good
My wrongs to her by marriage.

Mac. What say you, Lady?

Ele. He spurnd my mercy when it flew to him
And courted him to kisse it: therefore now
Ile have his life.

Fer. That life, so bad, redeemes
Thine & thy father's infamy. Justice! my Lords.

Hen. Cruel creature!

Mac. Take him away & lead him to his brother.
You both must die next morning.

Hen. I deserve it:
And so that Slave too, that betrayed his Master.

Buz. Why should not I betray my Master, when he
betrayed his Mistrise.

Ele. Get you gone, Sirra.

[Exeunt Henrico & Buzzano.]

Mac. You are dismissed Faire Lady.

You shall have law, your Ravisher shall dye.

Ele. Oh that my life from death could sett him free!

[Exit.]

Mac. Pray, *Don Fernando*, follow her & soften
Her heart to pittie the poore gentleman:
The crime is not so Capitall.

Fer. Ile doe my best

[Exit.]

Mac. That such a noble *Spanyard* as *Don Pedro*
Should be so cursed in 's children!

Enter Buzzano, Don Pedro, Fernando & Eleonora.

Buz. Hee's come, hee's come, my Lord! *Don Pedro*
Gusman is still alive,—see, see!

Mac. Let us descend to meet a happinesse
Crownes all our expectations.

Pedro. Whilst I meet
A thunder strikes me dead. Oh, poore, wrongd Lady
The poyson which the Villaine pours on thy honour,
Runs more into my veines than all the Venome
He spitts at me or my deare boy, his brother.
My Lords, your pardon that I am transported
With shame & sorrow thus beyond myselfe
Not paying to you my duty.

All. Your love, *Don Pedro.*

Mac. Conceale your self a while: your sons wele send for
And show them death's face presently.

Pedro. Ile play a part in't. [Exit.

Mac. Let them be fetcht & speake not of a father

Ten. This shall be done. [Exit.

Mac. Is your Compassion, Lady, yet awake?
Remember that the scaffold, hangman, sword,
And all the Instruments death playes upon,
Are hither calld by you; 'tis you may stay them.
When at the Barre there stood your Ravisher
You would have savd him, then you made your choyce
To marry him: will you then kill your husband?

Ele. Why did that husband then rather choose death
Than me to be his bride? is his life mine?
Why, then, because the Law makes me his Judge,
Ile be, like you, not cruell, but reprieve him:
My prisoner shall kisse Mercy.

Mac. Y'are a good Lady.

Med. Lady, untill they come repose your selfe.

[Exit Eleonora.

Mac. How now? so soone come back? why thus return?

Enter Pike & a Gentleman, with Letters.

Gen. Our Journey to *Madrid* the Kinge himselfe
Cutts off by these his royal letters sent
Upon the wings of Speed to all your Graces.
He lay one-night since at your house, my Lord,

Where by your noble wife he had a wellcome
Fitting his greatness & your will.

Alq. I'm glad of't.

Mac. The King, our Master, writes heere, Englishman,
He has lost a subiect by you : yet referres
Himselfe to us about you.

Pike. Again I stand heere
To lay my own life downe, please his high Maiesty
To take it : for what's lost his fate to fall
Was *fortune de la guerre*, & at the feete
Of his most royal Maiesty & at yours
(My princely Lords & Judges) low as th' earth
I throw my wretched selfe & begg his Mercy.

Mac. Stand up ; that mercy which you aske is signd
By our most royall Master.

Pike. My thanks to heaven him & your Grace.

Mac. The King further writes heere,
That though your Nation came in Thunder hither
Yet he holds out to you his Enemy
2 friendly proffers : serve him in his dominions
Eyther by land or sea, & thou shalt live
Upon a golden pension, such a harvest
As thou nere reapst in England.

Pike. His kingly favours
Swell up in such high heapes above my merit,
Could I reare up a thousand lives, they cannot
Reache halfe the way. Ime his, to be his Vassaile,
His Gally Slave, please you to chaine me to the vane ;
But with his highness pardon & your allowance,
I beg one Boone.

All. What is't

Pike. That I may once more
See my owne Country Chimneys cast out smoake.
I owe my life and service to the King,
(The king of *England*), let me pay that Bond
of my allegiance : that being payd,
There is another obligation,
One to a woeful Wife & wretched children,
Made wretched by my misery. I therefore beg,
Intreat, emlore, submissively hold up my hands
To have his Kingly pity & yours to lett me goe.

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